

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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WHEN A MAN BUILDS A
GREAT FORTUNE·WRITES A
GREAT BOOK·OR ACHIEVES
A GREAT CHARACTER·WE
BEHOLD THE RESULTS OF
HIS WORK AND GIVE HIM
PRAISE..WHAT HE MOST
NEEDED WAS TO BE UN-
DERSTOOD·LOVED AND HELPED WHILE HE
WAS PAINFULLY TOILING IN THE DARK..
TO PERCEIVE A MAN'S CAPACITIES AND
INSTRUCT OR INSPIRE HIM IN THE TRAIN-
ING OF THEM—THAT IS THE NOBLEST
FORM OF KINDNESS

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CHRONIC GOUT

WRITING of acute gout in a former article, we were on fairly firm ground, for acute gout is a well-recognized disease and is not readily confused with any other. But in the case of chronic gout our foundation is not so secure. Chronic rheumatism, chronic arthritis, chronic gout and arthritis deformans, or rheumatoid arthritis, are terms often loosely employed in medical writings, and the diseases that they represent are frequently confused and are not readily distinguished one from another.

Many physicians believe that chronic rheumatism is owing to the action of a bacterial toxin, perhaps the same that in concentrated form and in the case of more susceptible persons causes acute rheumatic fever. Arthritis deformans is owing perhaps to auto-intoxication, to poisons elaborated in excess in the body and not excreted so rapidly as they are formed. Chronic arthritis is a chronic inflammation of one or more joints from whatever cause: injury, rheumatism, tuberculosis, gout or what not. Chronic gout is a malady characterized particularly by deposits of urate of sodium on the joint cartilages at the ends of the bones, especially of the fingers, and often on the ears. There is usually pain in one or more of the joints at the time the deposits are forming, and the pain may recur from time to time in the same or in other joints. As with acute gout, the joints affected are usually the smaller ones, more commonly perhaps those of the hands. Not infrequently the eyes suffer; intense conjunctivitis and iritis are the most common affections. In some cases both of acute gout and of chronic gout the disease attacks the internal organs, especially the stomach. Chronic gout is often of the form called "poor-man's gout," which is marked by an excess of oxalic acid salts in the blood.

Neuralgia, especially sciatica, is frequent in gouty persons, and eventually kidney disease may occur unless the disturbance of metabolism, which is at the root of the trouble, is relieved. Just what that particular disturbance is fundamentally is still a matter of discussion among physicians, but it seems to be allied to other disturbances resulting in diabetes and obesity and perhaps predisposing to cancer.

THE STONE WALL

IN some places the stone wall ran through rich tangles of wild cherry and sumac; in other places it bounded wide sweeps of field. Beyond it the fields, brown or green or golden according to the season, stretched away to the blue sky. But to Charlotte Graves, young, eager and impatient for life, the gray wall was like the wall of a prison. There was nothing to do in the country—nothing that really was living. All the real things were elsewhere.

One day some people stopped their car to ask for a drink of water. Charlotte, glad of anything to break the monotony, carried a pitcher out to them. As she reached the car one of the party was exclaiming over the beauty of the wall.

"I'd like to come back and paint it!" he cried. "Look at the colors in it and that line of hills beyond!"

Charlotte followed his glance. "Why, it's nothing but an old stone wall!" she said.

The man looked down at her. "You don't deserve that stone wall, young lady, if you can't see it," he declared half whimsically.

Charlotte colored and escaped as soon as possible, but several times in the next few days she studied the old wall, trying to see in it what the artist had seen. Then in a fit of impatience she gave it up; pictures were well enough, but you couldn't live on pictures. She knew better than any stray traveler what that wall really was!

A few weeks later a college professor who was boarding at a house a couple of miles down the

road stopped at the gate and fell into talk with her father. "That's a fine wall you have," the professor remarked. "I wonder whether you'd let me take a specimen or two from it?"

"What for?" The question was Charlotte's.

The professor smiled into her eager face. "Because," he replied, "there are some remarkably interesting pieces of rock there, and I'm making a collection. It's a habit I've had all my life, and I can't seem to get over it. It's such good fun, you see."

"How do you make a collection?" the girl asked.

The professor looked at her again, more keenly. "If you will come down to Mrs. Cram's tomorrow, I'll show you," he promised her.

That was the beginning. A few years later Charlotte Graves's collection of minerals was found worthy of a place in a women's college. But Charlotte herself had learned something greater than geology. She had learned that a prison wall may be a gate of opportunity, and that the place to begin to live is the place where you are.

THE VAINGLORIOUS LIE

"FISHIN' in British Columbia?" repeated Ten. B. Pincus in answer to my query, says Maj. Harding Cox in *A Sportsman at Large*. "I should say so! Why, when I got right up to the big fish lake the whole surface was a-dimple with risin' beauties. I soon fixed up my pole and line and began castin', but rary a touch did I get. So I got hold of one of the jumpin' grass bugs, which was droppin' on the water, and fixed it on a number-eight hook. But when I went to cast, the durned thing came unstuck and landed clear, where it was golloped up by a big fish."

"I was just figurin' out what my next procedure would be when I cast my eye behind me and fixed it on one of them Cree Indians smiling quite pleasant like. He snapped up a bug from the grass and signed to me to sling him the hook. I did so; thereupon the redskin pulled a long hair from his flowin' locks and tied the bug to the hook. I had a four-pounder first go! Havin' unfixed it, I flicked my line behind me again and when the Indian whistled cast forward and immediately had another big fish!"

"That went on until I was knee-deep in shimmerin' squirmin' steelheads. Then three times I cast without any result. At last I noticed the Cree hadn't tied a bug on the hook. I spun round sharp. Sir, that redskin was as bald as a coot!"

A FOUR-FOOTED EPICURE

HERE is a fox story with a moral: A certain family in Colorado, writes a contributor, caught a young fox, which they kept chained to a kennel. They fed the little fellow a great deal of bread.

Presently they began to miss their chickens. They thought first of all of the young fox, but it did not seem likely that he could kill them, chained as he was. Nevertheless, several members of the family concealed themselves and watched. They saw the fox take his bread to the end of the chain, then walk back a few steps and drop it on the ground. After that he retired to his kennel and lay down.

Sooner or later the chickens saw the bread and gathered for a feast. At the right moment the fox sprang among them and had a chicken dinner.

The moral is plain: all of us like variety in our diet.

PAYING HIM OFF

ACERTAIN man in this city, says the Boston Herald, is inclined to be pompous and obstinate. A little while ago he visited the Navy Yard in Charlestown, and somehow he managed to get aboard a vessel from which visitors were at the time excluded. An officer encountered him upon the deck and told him that he could not remain. The visitor swelled and said that he was a citizen of the United States, that as such he owned part of the warship upon which he was standing, and that he had a full right to be aboard and would not depart.

The officer looked at him a moment. Then he walked over to an anchor chain and with his pocket knife scraped a bit of rust from it. Returning to the visitor, he extended the flake of rust to him and said:

"Here is your share of this ship. Take it and get out, or I'll put you in chains."

A DRAWBACK TO MATRIMONY

ALITTLE girl in Ayrshire had been punished for not being able to recite her geography lesson. Her mother, says Mr. David Cuthbertson in *Revelations of a Library Life*, went to the lady teacher to reprimand her. "Was it you who punished our wee Jeanie for her geography?" she demanded.

"Yes, I punished her," was the reply.

"Weel," continued the mother angrily, "her Auntie Leezie had nae geography, an' she got a man. I had nae geography, an' I got a man; an' there's you wi' a your geography, an' you havena got a man yet! I don't want my lassie to get geography!"



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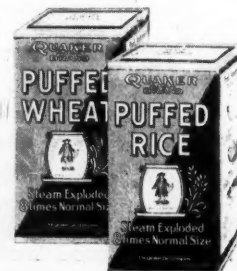
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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FOLKS

By
Ida Williams
Rea

"It must be wonderful to travel and see all manner of folks!" said Emily, sighing.

"Yes," agreed her mother absently. "I suppose it is nice, but after all they're just folks, whether they are here or somewhere else."

"Just like pigs is pigs," added Emily's sister Peggy. "But say, Em, weren't those costumes pretty? Wouldn't that red and yellow Chinese thing make a fine sport dress? Wonder if she'd sell it?"

"Well, hardly," said Emily, "after she'd brought it all the way from China to show people!"

"Eight o'clock, Emily," her mother reminded her. "Miss Anderson will be getting worried. Don't forget to bring me home two yards of that black and white ribbon. We'll trim my hat tonight."

All the way down the tree-lined village street to the one millinery shop where she trimmed hats Emily mused over the lecture that a returned missionary had given in their church the night before. If only she could go to see how other folks lived and what they did! She glanced over the handful of mail that the post-office clerk handed her. There were a bill for Miss Anderson, an envelope that probably held a check, two advertisements, a post card for her father and a large folder for herself. The last two she put carelessly into the pocket of her coat and, quickening her steps, crossed the street to the shop that displayed the sign "Miss Anderson's; Stylish Millinery."

Miss Anderson greeted her with a little frown of concentration. "Emily, do you think I'd better put jet or ribbon on my hat this spring?"

"Neither," replied Emily promptly, taking the battered frame from her thin hands. "We could steam this and reshape it; but why not have a new hat this spring? There's a soft black straw on the shelf; let me get it."

Emily plunged happily into the day's work and forgot about her desire to travel. There were two hats to sell to the Roberts twins, hats that Emily herself had chosen from the salesman's assortment. She trimmed Miss Anderson's hat and pronounced it successful. Two or three customers came in for little things like a bit of ribbon, a flower or a buckle. One or two looked at hats; they frankly admitted that they could not afford to buy a new hat that spring, but they did like to get ideas from Emily for freshening up old ones. To one and all, whether they made a purchase or not, Emily was pleasant and gracious, agreeably helpful. During her noon hour at home she helped with the dishes, found time to pin the ribbon on her mother's hat and then opened her neglected mail. The folder was an offer from a book company to represent it on the road during the summer. No matter what salary she was making, she could easily treble it! Moreover, the work was delightful and would take her among the



Then she obediently brought out the piece of pink velvet

cultivated families of her community. There was still one district open in that part of the state; if she wanted it, please address—Emily folded the paper carefully, put it away in her desk and turned to her mother.

"Mother, could you spare me this summer? I'd be able to help with the expenses just the same, for I'd be making more money than I am now. I could easily treble my present salary, and it would give me a chance to see other people." Her words seemed to tumble over one another.

Mrs. Booth patted Emily's hand gently. "Of course I could spare you. Maybe a change would be just the thing you need. You're much too thin to suit me. What is it, books or something no household should be without?" she asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

Emily smiled. "It's books," she admitted, "but I believe they are good books, a small medical home library. You know how much we've used the one father bought a long time ago. And I believe I could sell them," she added confidently.

"Of course you could!" agreed her mother. "You're a born saleswoman. Well, if Miss Anderson can spare you, I've no objection. I think it will do you good."

Emily sped joyously down the street, looking round eagerly for some of her friends with whom to share her good news. But no one was out yet, and at the store Miss Anderson met her with an open letter in her hand and a troubled frown on her face.

"Emily, whatever shall I do? Here's sister Sara, whom I haven't seen for several years, writing that she is sending her Eleanor to visit me for the summer. She wants her to have a few months of quiet and rest, and she adds that Eleanor will probably be able to help me in the store, since she took a practical course in school last year. Now what shall I do?"

"Why, it's just the thing!" cried Emily.

"She shall take my place for the summer. You see, Miss Anderson, I've had a very good offer just today for the summer's work, and this thing will let us both out. Your niece can sell hats for you, and I'll sell books for myself. All the summer materials are ordered, and the hats are made up. You can send me a card when the fall salesman is

coming, and I'll come home for that. I think it has worked out lovely."

"Well, maybe," admitted Miss Anderson. "But what do I know about Eleanor? O dear, this is so upsetting, your leaving—"

"Just for the summer," Emily interrupted her.

"And a strange girl coming! I've no doubt in my mind that she won't like it here, and that she won't be able to help me much either."

The book company to which Emily sent her letter of acceptance was gratifyingly prompt. Within the week she received her outfit, the cost of which was five dollars,—to be deducted from her sales at the end of the summer,—and was only waiting for Eleanor before setting out on her high adventure. The plain blue voile dress with white collar and cuffs that was to be her working dress hung ready in the closet.

She hastened eagerly to the store to meet Eleanor the morning after she arrived. Miss Anderson introduced them and found an opportunity to draw Emily aside. "We'll get along just splendid! Eleanor has such good ideas I feel real pleased," she said, beaming.

"That's good," said Emily, though for some reason she was not quite happy over Eleanor's capability. Nevertheless, she went to the front of the store, pleasantly ready to help the newcomer.

"Shall we go over the stock the first thing, Eleanor?"

"Go over the stock?" The girl flashed a merry glance about the tiny shop with its scantily-stocked shelves. "I don't think that is necessary, do you? I should think I could go over it in an hour most any time."

"Oh, yes," admitted Emily. The boxes that had seemed so full of riches shrank strangely.

"Really, my dear," continued the new girl, "if you want to go on with your

canvassing, I don't see the least reason why you shouldn't start today."

"Oh—I—Miss Anderson expects me to stay today," replied Emily in confusion.

"Suit yourself!" cried the girl airily. "The first thing I'm going to do is to rearrange that window. I think I shall make it all pink. Something for a drapery, a wreath of flowers and that pink straw hat."

"Take all the other hats out?" inquired Emily. "But people like to stop and look at them."

"Of course," replied Eleanor, laughing, "and get ideas and walk on! This way I'll intrigue their fancy; they'll be curious and come in, and I'll do the rest! This is going to be the best season Aunt Minnie has ever had."

Bewildered, Emily helped Eleanor to remove the display. Then she obediently brought out the piece of pink velvet and warned Eleanor that it would soon fade in the sun.

"Perhaps," was Eleanor's indifferent answer, "but it pays to advertise."

By noon the window had taken on a smart, city air. Emily admitted that the display was attractive, even though she regretted the disadvantage to passers-by.

"Really, there's no use your wasting the whole day here," insisted



Eleanor kindly. "You surely have some last-minute things to do?"

"Yes," said Emily. "I suppose I may as well go," and she looked about the room reluctantly. "There's one thing I want to show you. This black hat is for Mrs. Benton, a tall, plump woman. Don't show it to her until the last thing; then she'll be sure to take it, and it just suits her."

"Then why not show it to her first and be done with it?" inquired Eleanor.

"Because she never takes the first one, always the last one," explained Emily. "And when Helen Neel comes in—she has bright red hair—don't let her take that pink straw you've put in the window, as she's bound to want it. I've a cream straw here and a green taffeta; either will be becoming to her. You won't let her take it, will you?"

"Why not, if that's what she wants?" Eleanor laughed. "I'm here to sell people what they want. The important thing is to sell hats," she added.

"Oh, no," cried Emily, "not at all! In a week Helen would be sorry she had bought the pink hat, and she can't afford to buy two. She'd have to wear it all summer, hating it so. Selling isn't all of it," she insisted earnestly.

"Well, I'll try to be good, but you can't expect me to pamper all these people the way you do. We'll get along," she added good-naturedly.

Feeling extremely small and insignificant, Emily stepped off the train at the town to which she had been sent. But after she had hunted up the address that her pastor had given her, had made arrangements for boarding at the house and had eaten a wholesome dinner, she felt some of her first excitement returning. To be sure Mrs. Hoyt, who kept the boarding house, seemed much the same as her own mother; she even rinsed



the teapot with the same motion of her arm. But other people would be different. She might just as well start out at once.

At supper time Emily came in with one sale to her credit.

Mrs. Hoyt nodded approvingly. "I'm right glad you made that sale the first day. It will keep you heartened. Sales won't be very brisk; times are hard in the country."

"Well, just so I make expenses," replied Emily, happy and undaunted. "I'm really doing this to meet the people. I've never been away from home before."

"I guess you won't find the people in this part of the country much different from what they are at home."

"Why, that's what my mother said!" cried Emily.

The days passed with varying degrees of success. As Emily counted up her profits at the end of the first two weeks she felt amply repaid. But there was a growing dissatisfaction in her heart; she was beginning to realize that her mother and Mrs. Hoyt were right; folks were folks. And with the realization came a doubt whether she had done right in leaving Miss Anderson for the summer. "Though she didn't need me with her niece there," she reminded herself. "But I do wish Peggy would answer my questions."

Peggy's letter, however, continued to be evasive in their replies to her inquiries. Finally Emily could stand it no longer. "I'm going home over Sunday," she said to Mrs. Hoyt. "I'm homesick, I suppose. Anyhow I've just got to go!"

Mrs. Hoyt nodded understandingly. "That's right. You've done real well these weeks; you must be a good saleswoman. Isn't any place quite like home and the home folks, is there?"

"Home folks," thought Emily. "People aren't much different wherever you go. They have different customs and manners, but underneath they are all the same. I'll be glad when this summer is over and I get back to Miss Anderson's. Maybe she won't want me. What if Eleanor stays?"

It was a disquieting thought. Emily tapped her fingers together nervously. Could she find another place in town? She was a good saleswoman; she was sure of that. But surely every place—and there were few—was filled already.

The train drew in at the unpainted home station. As Emily hurried to descend the car steps the rush of a young girl, eager to get aboard, almost pushed her out of the way. Emily looked after her in amazement. Surely that was Miss Anderson's niece!

A window was thrown up above her, and Eleanor's face peered out. "That really you, Emily Booth? I guess Aunt Min will be glad to see you. I'm leaving. I couldn't stand it there another hour. Good luck to you!" she called as the train started.

Emily hurried anxiously up the main street. In front of Miss Anderson's shop she paused, horrified. "I should never have left her!" she thought. There was a single hat in the window—a brilliant red one such as nobody in the town ever would buy. "I wonder if she has bought much of that stuff? I think I'd better go in."

As she opened the door Miss Anderson came forward with both hands outstretched. "Emily Booth! Is it really you? Sometimes I don't know if I'm awake or having a nightmare. Did you ever see such a place?" she demanded tragically.

Emily shook her head. The shop was bare of hats—they had all been put away in drawers. Grotesque wreaths of flowers, bunches of ribbon and folds of silk were all that remained on the few counters that had not been stored in the back room to make way for spindle-legged tables.

"Futurist," she called it," said Miss Anderson, sniffing. "Only future thing I could see about it was bankruptcy! What shall I do?"

Emily took off her hat and laid it with her suitcase in the corner. She wanted to go home, but the folks were not expecting her. She set to work resolutely. "Shut the door and draw the blinds. We'll make a new window tonight. Did you buy much of this stuff?" she asked, holding out the bizarre hat.

"We've only a few. She went to the city and bought them. But if you'd see the things she ordered from Miller for winter," Miss Anderson's voice failed her.

"But you were to send for me when Miller came," protested Emily.

"She wouldn't let me. He came day before yesterday."

"Then that's all right," said

Emily briskly. "I'll send him a message to cancel the order. Then I'll meet him in Daleton as he circles back this way and put in a new order. Now let's see, haven't you sold anything?"

"Yes, the wrong things to the wrong people. Helen Neel bought the pink hat," Emily gasped. "And Mrs. Benton didn't buy anything. She said there wasn't anything fit to be seen in the store. She's going over to Rockwood next week to buy. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Oh, not so bad but that it would be worse. We've only a few of these funny hats, and I may be able to do something with them. I'll have Helen bring her hat to me, and I'll paint it a pretty brown with a bottle of coloring I got in town. And when Mrs.

Benton sees our window on her way to church tomorrow she'll be in again. I can sell her a hat yet—you needn't have a doubt of it!" said Emily so confidently that Miss Anderson's anxious face lost some of its worried lines.

It was late when Emily and her employer closed and locked the door behind them but there were loiterers on the streets. One of them darted forward and caught the girl's hand.

"Emily Booth! Have you really come back?" cried Helen Neel. "Did she tell you what that girl let me buy? Said I should express my own desires. Now I've got to go bareheaded this summer."

"Oh, no," replied Emily, laughing. "You bring the hat round Monday, and I'll see

what I can do for it. Tell everybody I'm home, will you?"

"I don't need to tell them," retorted Helen. "Anyone who sees that window will know."

Over her late cup of cocoa and toast Emily looked at her mother musingly. "I'm not sorry I went, mother. Financially I'm about even. But I've learned a lot. Folks are folks, just as you said. But there's something nice about being with folks who need you, your own home folks."

"Yes," said her mother, nodding understandingly.

"So that's settled," said Peggy lightly, but with a loving look for her older sister.

"Just like pigs is pigs, so folks is folks!" The elders laughed to hide their feelings.

FAIR PLAY By Elizabeth Putnam Huntington

YOU'VE smashed your own record, Evelyn!" Miss Fisk, the athletic director, turned from the jumping standards to look with frank admiration at the tall, loose-limbed girl who was strolling back to the group at the take-off.

Enthusiastic cries of "Hurrah for Ev!" rose from the intent group, but the preparation bell stilled them.

Surrounded as usual by a crowd of admirers, Evelyn Jessup went toward the lockers. Taller than any of the other girls, with her blond head gleaming above the other heads in the soft spring sunshine, she carried herself with confident happiness, but there was nothing of the snob or the "swelled head" about this girl who for three years had stood at the top in Brockway athletics.

Close beside Evelyn walked Mollie Stone. Mollie had entered the school two years before, a retiring, awkward girl a good deal afraid of everything but most of all of athletics. Evelyn had helped her to find her feet in the humming athletic life of the school, and now Mollie was one of the staunchest athletes of Brockway and president of the Athletic Association to boot. She did not shine in any one sport, but she did well in all. Being of a studious and idealistic temperament, Mollie had learned to value above sport itself the sense of honor and fair play that sport gives. It was for that ideal that she was most profoundly grateful to Evelyn, whose ideas of good sportsmanship had been indelibly printed on Mollie's sensitive mind during the many hours that the two had worked out passes in hockey or team play on the courts.

"Fancy studying an afternoon like this!" grumbled Priscilla Storow as the girls moved toward the school.

"And we've two chapters of English Lit. to review for Mrs. Hearn," remarked Evelyn.

"Yes; what's the idea of cramming so?" "So's to leave time for the prize essay business of course," said Mollie, whose honest, brown eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Evelyn flung one tanned arm across Mollie's shoulders. "You're going to bag that prize, Mollie Stone," she said affectionately.

"Not much, I'm not! It'll probably go to—" She paused; it was not easy for Mollie to be generous to Emily Bridgman. But her sporting ethics forced her to finish: "to Emily."

"I doubt it," said Priscilla. "Emily's a whiz of an English student, but she scarcely knows a dumb-bell from a discus."

"I'm not so sure," replied Evelyn, laughing. "If there's a chance to write an essay about anything, even athletics, Emily's going to write it and write it well."

As Mollie slipped into her place in the study hall fifteen minutes later she glanced

at Emily's small, frail form hunched up over her well-loaded desk. Emily led such a dull life of it! Mollie knew how dull, for before Evelyn had taken her in hand she herself had tasted deeply of that sort of life. For a year and a half now Mollie had been trying to do for Emily what Evelyn had done for her. But Emily was cold and unfriendly and, what was hardest of all to bear, "superior." She knew that she was exceptionally clever at her studies; she looked down on sports; and she was not asking Mollie Stone or anyone else for help.

Mrs. Hearn sounded the bell. "Before you settle down," she said gravely, "I wish to say a word about the prize-essay competition."

A rustle of excitement swept the room.

"The competition is open to seniors only. The subject must be one related to physical education. It is because of the growing interest in athletics here and the wish to recognize it that Miss Brockway has decided to hold a scholarly competition centered round the burning topics of—of sprints and hurdles," Mrs. Hearn smiled her slow, tolerant smile, and the girls laughed. "One thing is most important. You are to tell no one what you are going to write about! Miss Brockway wishes it to be a clear test of ability, uncolored by prejudice or preference. The whole student body will vote on the papers and judge them for choice of subject, style, arrangement and spirit. All essays are to be signed and handed to Miss Fisk or myself by noon of May 16; that is, two weeks from tomorrow."

"On the seventeenth I will read the essays to the entire school at assembly, suppressing of course the authors' names. I will number the papers one, two, three, and so on, and I will read out each number as I go along. That will simplify voting; each girl need only write down the number of her chosen essay, fold the paper and drop it into the ballot box, which will be placed in Miss Brockway's study from the evening of the seventeenth till noon of the nineteenth, when all votes must be in."

"On field day, the twenty-first, Miss Brockway will announce the title and number of the winning essay and the writer's name. The Athletic Association has planned to award the winner a silver medal, which will have the winner's name, the date and the title of the winning essay engraved on it. Finally I have a suggestion. Jot down notes on the essays as they are read, so that when you are considering how to vote you need not trust to memory alone. Now I think we may get to work."

But no one could study after that. Mollie tossed her books back into her desk; she was tingling with anticipation, and she knew already what she should write about. The mental and moral results of athletics, the development of the spirit that "plays the game" and plays it square and hard—that

would form the backbone of her paper. She felt that her chances of winning first place were good. Her work in English was always excellent.

But there were two things that bothered her. The first was worry over what sort of showing Evelyn would make. Evelyn was not particularly good at composition; still she would probably turn out a better paper on the well-loved subject of athletics than some of the girls who were only moderately interested. The second worry was a selfish one. Mollie feared that Emily Bridgman would take first place. She had seen Emily's sallow cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle, while Mrs. Hearn was speaking. A look of almost insolent assurance had sat on the girl's pinched face when her glance had met Mollie's. It was almost as if she were saying, "Now you shall see what sort of work I make of this trifling topic!"

In the days that followed Mollie noticed Emily's snug daily withdrawals to her room with books, notes and papers. Several of the girls speculated on what Emily had chosen for her subject.

"Probably the paths you plough in your brain every time you bat a ball or the psychic significance of toe sprain," Priscilla suggested.

Every seat in the assembly hall was filled when Mrs. Hearn with the essays in her hands entered on the afternoon of the seventeenth. In tense silence the reading began. There were eleven papers. The first two proved to be only middling good. The third was better, though it failed to stir the girls to more than conventional applause. Then Mrs. Hearn read:

"Number four: Physical Training—Ethical Training," and Mollie's heart first tightened and then raced, for it was her paper.

It was clear from the first that the girls liked it. Its high-mindedness, free from affectation, appealed, and as the reading proceeded there were murmurs of approval. When Mrs. Hearn laid the paper aside the room resounded with the first spontaneous applause of the afternoon.

The next paper was dull, but a paper on the recent women's Olympic games followed it and drew almost as much applause as Mollie's had drawn; it was easily recognized as the work of Priscilla Storow. Number eight was neither better nor worse than the first two, and number nine attempted something humorous that did not seem worth a serious vote. Number ten was feeble, but Mrs. Hearn had not read a paragraph of the last essay, number eleven, before it was clear that the paper was going straight home to the sympathies of the audience.

The title was the Adventure of Athletics, and the writer had made it read like a story packed full of excitement and interest. Above all, the paper was thoroughly unaffected, and its author seemed to know her subject. There were humorous bits that told too.

The applause was enthusiastic and prolonged and made the applause given to Mollie's paper seem faint.

"Did Emily Bridgman write that?" Mollie was asking herself. "Yes, in several places it sounded a bit like her!"

Helen Lewis slipped a piece of paper into Mollie's hand; on it was scribbled, in Sylvia Prentiss's well-known writing: "Ev Jessup wrote No. 3—P. W. saw her name on it."

"Why, what's Sylvia thinking

DRAWINGS BY
A. O. SCOTT



of?" Mollie exclaimed. "This is none of our business."

"I know," said Helen soberly, "but I guess Sylvia thinks it is. P. W. is Patty Watson. She's always seeing things."

"My dear, why shouldn't she?" Priscilla cried. "She has eyes like a lynx, and she has been sitting almost on top of Mrs. Hearn's desk."

"Well, if she saw that, she has no right to mention it. I don't even remember number three," Mollie glanced at her notes and read: "No. 3—Nothing extra."

Patty and a group of her friends were making their way to where Mollie and the others were standing. Patty was a flyaway, likable little thing.

"Girls," she whispered intensely, "we've got the most splendid plan about Ev! I know you'll all come in on it."

Mollie and Priscilla exchanged uneasy glances while Patty rattled on: "Everyone here knows that Evelyn Jessup has done more for school spirit and Brockway sports than any other girl at school. Isn't that so?"

"I guess it is," agreed Helen, and the others nodded.

"Who coached basketball when Miss Fisk was sick?" Patty went on. "Who got special rates on equipment? Who got Miss Brockway to let us play outside schools?"

"Ev did of course," said Mollie.

"Well, then," Patty continued, "what I say is, we've got to vote this prize essay medal on to Ev. Anyway her paper was as good as the others; everyone says so."

"Everyone says so!" cried Mollie.

"You haven't been talking this over with the other girls have you, Pat?"

"I certainly have, and I'm going to do a lot more talking before I get through. I've the promise of seven votes already."

"O Patty, what a crazy scheme! Can't you see that it would make Ev perfectly furious and miserable?"

"I don't believe it," said Patty stubbornly.

"Don't you see, either, that it wouldn't be a square thing to do?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"We're asked to vote for the essay that we think is best, not for the essay written by the girl we like best; that's why not."

"Bosh, Mollie!" exclaimed Patty. "It's all to do with athletics, and you've just admitted that Ev has contributed more than anyone else."

"That has nothing to do with it, Patty," interposed Helen; "the point is what you propose isn't fair play."

Patty had a temper to match her crinkly, red-blond hair. "Call me a crook if you like," she said, "but Evelyn Jessup is a friend of mine if she isn't of yours! I'm going to vote for essay number three, and I'm going to get everyone I can to vote for it too. Come with me, girls, everyone who's with me."

At least half a dozen girls followed her out of the room.

"Here's something sweet," grumbled Helen. "Don't you suppose you could do something, Moll?"

"I might if it isn't too late," said Mollie slowly. As president of the Athletic Association she felt that she ought to take an open stand against the plan. Patty might not be able to do much damage, but again she might. Doubtless the older girls would frown on the idea, but Brockway had a considerable number of younger students, all of whom adored Evelyn. It would be easy for persuasive Patty to win some of their votes. Anyway it was not right that she should be allowed to try without the frank disapproval of the one student organization at Brockway that was supposed to look to the preservation of fair play.

Ten minutes later Mollie turned away from the bulletin board, leaving her neatly-lettered announcement: "Tonight, 8 o'clock, in gym. Important Meeting of Athletic Ass'n. All come!" Then she went up to Evelyn's room.

Evelyn tossed aside a book, waved Mollie to a seat on the trunk and shoved a pan of fudge toward her. "Help yourself. Patty insists on making me the stuff, but of course it's no good to me while I'm in training."

Mollie sat down. "You've heard about this fool scheme of Patty's, haven't you, Ev?"

"Yes, Pris was telling me," said Evelyn slowly, and her voice sounded strained and unnatural. Her tanned, lean face was turned

away, and she kept tapping her fingers on the table nervously.

"Well," Mollie went on awkwardly, "I just dropped in to say that I've called a protest meeting for tonight. It seemed best to go on record about it—the Association, you know."

"Oh, I see," Evelyn said.

"I wondered if you felt keenly enough about it to say a word to the girls tonight after I've done."

Evelyn rose quickly and went to the wide-open window. A ruffle of wind flowed in the new green of the big maple there. From a distant part of the grounds came the voices of girls singing.

"This essay business is a big thing," said Evelyn suddenly. "I think it's the biggest thing that's happened here. It's as if the medal were a kind of symbol of what Brockway really means to us. Having it all tied up together like that, sports and scholarship both; it's great, Mollie! All of us working it out together here, you know. It's such a splendid finish to it all—to everything we've had here. I can't express it—"

A feeling of futility and of doubt about what she was doing rolled in on Mollie. For a second Patty's plan didn't seem so unfair.



Her hand struck the wad of paper in her pocket

If only some one else than Emily were the probable winner-to-be!

She made a brusque movement, and her hand struck the wad of paper in her pocket, on which she had scribbled an hour before, "No. 11. The Adventure of Athletics—best of the lot." There was only one thing to do.

"Well," she said evenly,—when Mollie was having a bad time of it she always spoke evenly or not at all; it was a trick she had learned from Evelyn when the odds were against them and there were three minutes to play,—"well, I suppose you'll come to the meeting?"

"Oh, of course."

"And you'll say a word on your own?"

"Mollie, do clear out, there's a dear! I suppose I'll speak if I have to. Now go, please."

As Mollie waited for the hour of the meeting the feeling of doubt that had assailed her in Evelyn's room kept growing stronger. It was mingled with a sense of guilt, a wretched sense of disloyalty to Evelyn. For the time being it seemed to her that it was Patty that was really Evelyn's most intimate friend, and that she, Mollie, was about to forfeit all claim to Evelyn's confidence.

And moreover there was the miserable feeling of disappointment in Evelyn. Mollie scarcely let herself think of that, but after all the conviction persisted that in this crucial test of good sportsmanship Evelyn had fallen short; she had not wanted to speak to the girls.

The gymnasium was filled when Mollie entered it on the stroke of eight. Rumors of what was afoot had evidently spread, for there was no mistaking the tense expectation and the sense of conflict with which the

room was charged. As Mollie climbed to the platform the hum of talk subsided.

"Girls," she cried, "I've called this meeting to say that we've all got to be the best sports we know how in this essay competition business and each vote for the paper she honestly thinks is the best. The Athletic Association stands for fair play, and you as members of it stand for fair play. The only way to play fair in this thing is for all of us to vote for the essay that we truly think deserves first place, no matter who wrote it."

In the crowd of excited faces Mollie caught sight of Evelyn's. She drove herself on with the determination to finish the job as fast as she could:

"Unless you vote like that, your vote's a crooked vote, and the competition's a crooked competition, and you'll be forcing a crooked thing on some one who's always been straight. That's all."

As Mollie jumped down there was some warm applause; then some one cried: "Ev! Where's Evelyn Jessup? Let's hear Ev talk."

Evelyn came forward slowly, and the hand-clapping grew louder. At the foot of the platform she turned and faced them.

was looking both funny and pathetic in a very sporty blazer and with her lank hair bound in a ribbon of the school colors. "Poor little spiteful person," thought Mollie. "She's awfully touching somehow in that rig."

"Sorry, Em," she said aloud, "I didn't know I was pushing."

Just then the whistle sounded again. It was followed by an instant hush as all faces turned toward Miss Brockway. She was smiling easily, but the older girls there knew that she was deeply excited.

"I have been asked," she said, "to give out the medal for the senior prize essay competition before making any other awards. Last night Miss Fisk, Mrs. Hearn and I counted the votes, and we are frankly much gratified with the result, which shows a considerable majority in favor of essay number eleven, the Adventure of Athletics."

There was a generous round of applause, in which Mollie joined with mixed feelings. The school had voted square, and she was glad, though whether she had helped it to vote so she should never know.

Nevertheless, her heart ached for Evelyn's disappointment and with the feeling that there was something wrong in the scheme of things that would not allow Evelyn to take the prize.

Miss Brockway was speaking again. "Will the writer of essay number eleven come up to the table?"

At the words Mollie became reconciled. If Emily Bridgman had written that essay, then Emily Bridgman and no other girl was entitled to the prize. She squared her shoulders and looked up.

Evelyn Jessup stepped at once out of her place and walked quickly to the table.

For an instant there was dead silence. Then the side lines broke into thundering applause. Girls stamped and shouted, clapped one another on the back, hugged one another and jiggered and capered. Then Priscilla led off with the school cheer.

The spectators too were applauding, for Evelyn was a favorite with fathers and mothers as well as with daughters. Parasols, hats and hand bags waved; handkerchiefs fluttered; and for a full moment the whole field was a mass of moving color and ringing sound.

Mollie stood as if rooted. The green field, the swarming colors, the shouting voices, the sound of Helen's whoop of joy and the sight of Priscilla's waving arms all seemed unreal. The very sunlight seemed unreal as she stood trying to adjust her mind to the startling truth: Evelyn had written essay number eleven! Not the middling essay, for which Mollie had not voted, but the best one! What did it all mean?

It meant first of all that Evelyn was square, and that Mollie had doubted her squareness. But Patty? How in the world?

"Mollie, will you forgive me? Will Ev ever forgive me?"

Patty thrust out her hand and looked into Mollie's wide-open eyes with an expression of mingled determination, embarrassment and shame.

"Oh, of course, Patty," Mollie answered. "You meant it for Ev's good. But—well, how did it all happen? I can't make head or tail of anything."

Patty groaned. "It takes me to make an exhibition of myself," she said ruefully. "Number three was written by Emmeline Jenkins. You know she and Ev write something alike. I saw the signature, or thought I saw it. O Mollie, dear, what a chump I've been!"

"Yes, you have," said Molly bluntly, "but you've not been such a chump as I have."

"Evelyn's coming across!" cried Patty in a flutter. "Try and put in a good word for me." She hurried away.

A moment later Evelyn and Mollie were clasping hands. "Ev," said Mollie, "I can't say anything except that I'm so sorry and so desperately ashamed of having doubted you."

"It did hurt," replied Evelyn; "that's why I kept away from you, I suppose. And I just couldn't help showing that I didn't want to talk to the girls about the essays. It seemed like cracking up my own chances and urging them to vote for my paper, for of course I'd seen that they liked it pretty well."

"I understand it all now," said Mollie. "Can you ever forgive my meanness?"

"Don't crowd so; you'll see it all," said a fretful little voice at Mollie's elbow.

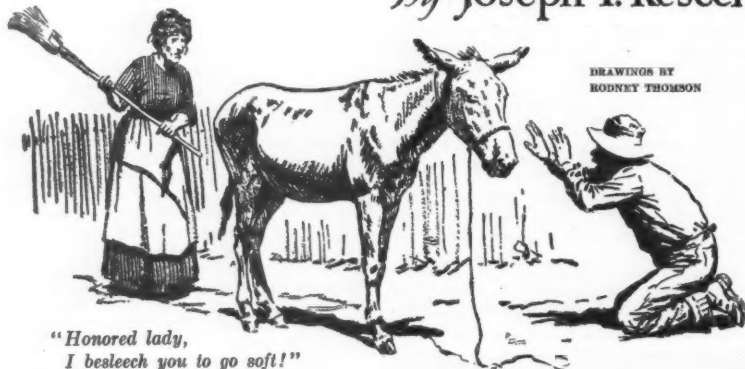
Glancing round, she found Emily, who

"Oh, bunk! Of course I can. Only you might remember, Mollie,"—and Evelyn's eyes twinkled,—that when I got you interested in fair play I meant fair play all

round with friends as well as with—well, Emily Bridgman." "I'll remember," said Mollie. "After this I couldn't forget!"

BUCKSKIN AND DESERT

By Joseph T. Kessel



"Honored lady,
I beseech you to go soft!"

Chapter Five New jobs and a new friend

TWO days later when the crosscut was opened the fire was out. Dal and Lee kept their regular jobs, but Pedro, instead of toiling with the miners, now worked with the roustabouts under the watchful eye of a muscular boss. Toward the end of the shift the foreman came into the stope and asked Dal to go to the office after he left the mine.

It was a little past three o'clock when the boys hurried from the shaft to the changing room; there they took a shower bath, placed their underground togs in their lockers and donned their street clothes. When they were outside Dal started for the office and Lee for the boarding house.

When perhaps halfway home Lee was startled to see the chief of police of Cobre Rico leading Smoky along a side street. Behind the officer and the old burro trooped more than a score of excited boys and girls, who began laughing the instant they caught sight of the wondering Chinese.

"Hey, you! Come here!" called the burly chief, stopping short and looking sternly at the on-coming young miner.

The children also came to a sudden halt, and Lee, who now was within arm's length of the officer, uttered a questioning "Yes, sir?"

"You youngsters have got to keep this old mountain canary from roaming the streets," said the chief not unkindly. "He's gettin' to be a regular nuisance. He ain't like most of his kind, willing to nose around and lick the labels off tin cans and such. Oh, no! They're not good enough for him. He wants hot bread, biscuits, pie, cake and the like."

"Yes, sir," said Lee meekly and added, "Little boy is supposed to look after him."

"Maybe that's so, young feller! But the kid don't look after him," the chief responded, glancing at Smoky, who, having slumped down on three legs, had an air of blissful content. "Dan Sullivan, the contractor, had about half a box of dynamite stored in a shed behind his barn up above town. A while ago he finds that snoopin' donkey of yours licking out the box—already clean empty! Now the lop-eared fool is nothin' more'n a meanderin' powder magazine ready to blow up from any extra hard bump. What if he should stumble and go down on the street? Can you imagine what would happen? A half box of high per cent inside of him!"

Lee Lung's imagination was active. A dreadful catastrophe was right at hand! Twenty-five pounds of dynamite inside Smoky!

"O my!" Lee finally managed to exclaim. "Mista policeman, you takeum way out on desert and loseum; I give you quarter."

"Huh! What's that?" The chief looked mad enough to fight. "Me take that walkin' death trap out on the desert! Not much! Here! You see that from now on he's kept off the streets!"

The officer forced the old burro's halter rope into the fat boy's hand and walked away.

Lee's yellow face was a picture of blank despair; he held the rope as if it were a hot

iron. He didn't want to hold it at all; what he wanted to do was to bolt. But he reasoned that, if he started off on a run, Smoky would immediately follow at a trot and perhaps at the same time would let out one of his unmusical, "he-haws." What would happen when that rasping sound started right where the dynamite was stored?

Smoky switched his tail, and Lee almost had heart failure. "Be careful, plardner!" he gasped and then went on as softly as if he were afraid his mere words might cause a blow-up. "Switchum easy like! Not so hard! You cause bad cats-after-me!" Lee never could say "catastrophe."

The children moved closer, and when a twelve-year-old boy threw a stone that struck the old burro on the rump and caused him to give his tail another flip poor Lee looked as if he were going to have a fit. Beads of perspiration quickly formed on his forehead, and the corners of his mouth drooped. "Please, little sir! No hitum more!" he pleaded, and his voice died away in a gurgle. "That blurro all same walkin' volcano!" he went on in a more steady tone. "Teeniest blow maybe makum go bust and kill whole town! I no can tell! Him eatum dynamite!"

The words brought shouts of derision from the boys, giggles from the girls and danger from a new quarter. An irate housewife with an uplifted broom walked threateningly into the street. "Here, you!" she cried. "Why don't you go on with that horrid old beast? Only this morning he walked into my kitchen and ate up a whole

pan of sugar cookies!" She lifted the broom higher. "You pull on the rope, and I'll give him a good lick."

Lee fell on his knees and, looking pleadingly at the woman, started to sputter: "Most exalted ma'am, no giveum lick! Him full of dynamite. One lick and good-by to everybody. Honored lady, I beseech you to go soft! That donkey full of dynamite!"

The housewife gathered up her skirts and was soon indoors. A moment later she was pulling down the window shades as if for protection.

Lee had little time to consider what he should do next, for Smoky suddenly moved. Not only did he move but, after standing upright on all four legs, opening his half-closed eyes, wiggling his long ears and giving his tail an extra hard switch, he pointed his fawn colored muzzle skyward and let out a rasping "He-haw! He-haw!"

Lee, still on his knees, quaked with terror. He shut his eyes and screwed up his face as if he had expected a blow. Yet nothing happened, and he took heart. "If dynamite stand that awful noise comin' right from middle of it," he thought, "why, it stand anything!" Still when another bray rent the air he wailed, "Oh! Old plardner of bonanza chasers, sayum more soft!"

Cautiously Lee opened one eye, and just then Dal, to whom the burro had been braying, stepped to the animal's side and gave him a friendly slap on the ribs.

"No hitum 'gain!" cried Lee, jumping to his feet and grabbing his partner's arm. "Him eatum half box of dynamite. Any time him liable to go bang! Him disgrace us! Him worse than thousand-legged dragon with hundred fiery tongues, 'cause—"

"Hey! What's all this?" Dal interrupted him. "What are you talking about anyway?"

The children crowded close while Lee explained; but so fast did he talk and so badly did he twist his English that Dal alone understood him.

"Oh, that's it!" said Dal easily. "Well, pardner, don't worry any more. Smoky didn't eat a half box of dynamite or even a stick. And if he did, I don't think he'll explode. Somebody stole the dynamite most likely, and our old pardner was just snooping round in the box. Don't you know that dynamite tastes a little sweet? The chief of police was only trying to scare us into keeping Smoky from roaming round so much. I can see that he's become a sort of pest. So I guess we'll have to tell that kid that he can't ride him any more. You see, he's been turning him loose any old place."

Dal took the rope, and he and Lee and the donkey started for their shanty.

On the way Dal told his partner why he had been asked to stop at the office. "It's a better job for us, Lee. You're to be a handy boy round the office, and I'm going on the engineering squad. Lot of surveying round the mines all the time, you know. This will be a good thing for both of us."

The partners liked their new jobs. But they did not stop trying to learn more about

their own claims. Every spare minute they spent among the rolling hills below the famous copper camp; yet neither ore nor any indications of ore could they find. Nevertheless, they went on searching, sure that some day they would discover what had been in the old Indian's mind when he gave the map to his son, Navaho Charley.

One afternoon when the boys met outside the mine office Dal said that he had some news. "A little while ago a Mexican miner told me that he saw Pedro slip something into his pocket after taking his hand from inside my shirt on the Fourth of July. All along we've been pretty certain that he was the thief, but that clinches it. The miner and Pedro have had a row; so I figure it's a case of getting even. That buckskin bag belongs to us and—" Dal paused for a moment and then added, "Well, I feel like making him give it up!"

The boys worked hard at their new jobs. Dal liked his work with the mining engineers and was doing well as an assistant. Lee was liked in the office; his prompt "Yes sir!" and his obliging manners soon made him a favorite.

It was not long before Dal had a proposal to make to his partner. "Lee," he began as they opened their dinner pails in a quiet corner of the Copper Jacket's drafting room, "I've found a dandy place for Smoky. I know that the old fellow hates being kept in a stable. This morning I was helping to do some surveying off to the west of here half a mile or so and had a talk with John Crossman. You know him; he's that tall, thin, black-bearded miner whose health isn't any too good, and who has a piece of ground adjoining the Roarin' Lion. He has a two-room shanty on his place, and, although it doesn't look like much, it isn't bad at all inside. And he has just the thing for Smoky, a nice big corral with a shed in it. Mr. Crossman is hard up. I guess he's in the hole quite a bit. He can potter around all right,—the doctor says that's good for him,—but he can't do hard work. What do you think of asking him to take us as boarders? He knows how to cook. He could make his own grub out of what we'd pay him for board."

Lee thought well of the proposal, and before sundown they struck a bargain with John Crossman, who was pleased at the prospect of having regular meals and the boys' company.

The following evening, as Dal and Lee trudged along the mountain side behind Smoky packed with their few belongings, they heard some one talking angrily on the opposite side of a clump of scrub pines. "If you've got anything on us, why don't you spring it?" floated up into the clear air.

"Now, Mr. Harbird!" said John Crossman mildly. "I think you ought to do better than that. I'd like to sell out, but I don't want to let my ground go for such a low price. Won't you think it over and—"

"Low price, me eye!" exclaimed the other angrily. "Get out of the way, or I'll ride over you!"

The partners stepped clear of the trees just in time to see George Harbird, dark, fat, gross and mounted on a splendid bay horse, start forward on the hillside trail. Smoky and the boys were also on the trail, and some one must get off. The boys intended to move aside, but Smoky, burro-like, didn't.

"Out of the way there!" yelled Harbird, riding close enough to give the old pack animal a cut on the ears with his quirt.

Smoky jumped from the trail into the brush close to the partners, who, like the burro, swung round and stared at the departing man's broad back. "Hum," said Dal slowly. "Regular man-eater, isn't he?"

"Worse!" declared Lee with emphasis. "Him all same wicked uncle of a dragon!"

Sunday afternoon as they were sitting on a rustic bench among the trees Mr. Crossman told the boys what had caused the high words between him and Harbird. Although Lee was keeping a suspicious eye on a beehive a rod away, he heard every bit of the story.

"My ground joins onto the Roarin' Lion," said Mr. Crossman, "of which Harbird is president and chief owner. The Roarin' Lion is makin' a lot of money, more'n a million a year clear profit."

Lee struck viciously at a bee that had come near him. "Don't be 'fraid of 'em," said Mr. Crossman. "Honey bees won't sting unless they're bothered."

"Bein' that I'm so close to the Roarin' Lion," the miner resumed, "I figure my property is valuable. Indeed, I'm pretty certain it is, for a friend of mine who's got a

"Dig up!"



job in the Lion says that a drift has been run off into my ground and opened up some good ore. I think he knows what he's talkin' about too, 'cause he took a compass down into the mine with him. He also says that, if I could keep on sinkin' my prospect shaft, I'd sink right into pay dirt. That's my shaft over there with the windlass straddlin' it."

The boys looked along the mountain side to a windlass set on top of a small dump of grayish rock. Then they looked beyond to a modern mining plant: a huge, red-painted shaft house, big piles of timber, a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, machine shops and a large office building.

"You know the way the mining companies do sometimes," Mr. Crossman resumed. "If they want to know what's in 'joinin' ground they run a drift into it way below the surface. A few twists and turns and the best miner gets all balled up unless he has an instrument with him. There's a drift runnin' off from the Lion's six hundred level into my claim. Harbird knows it, and I have tried to sell out to him. I'd be willin' to take a few thousand, 'cause I'm sick. But he won't offer more than a few hundred, which won't do me much good. Yesterday afternoon when I told him what I knew he got up on his ear in a second, and you heard what he said. I'm sick, and I'm busted. If I wasn't, I'd be hustling round to keep my shaft goin' down. I've had too much working underground in bad air, dynamite smoke and gas. It'll get the strongest man that ever breathed if he sticks to it long enough. The doctor says that I've got to get away from here, eat good grub and take it easy for two or three years; then I'll be all right."

Dal knew that mine owners sometimes run drifts into neighboring property in order to see what was there. If they strike ore, they usually buy the ground. But there are cases where unscrupulous men have extracted great quantities of ore and said nothing to the owners. Perhaps Harbird was increasing his fortune by carrying on mining operations in adjoining holdings; of course pay rock would be hoisted through the Roaring Lion shaft. It would be an easy thing to do, and Dal, who was fast learning the kinks of surveying, made up his mind to keep both eyes open.

Less than twenty-four hours went by before his suspicions were confirmed. He was panting from a sprint along the hillside when he dashed into the shanty and started talking rapidly to the old miner. "You've got it on that foxy Harbird, Mr. Crossman!" Dal wiped his nose, which was skinned and bleeding. "He is taking ore from your claim! This engineer's notebook gives the whole thing away. I'll tell you how I got it. My boss sent me up on top of the mountain to make sure about the number on a corner stake. Lee went along just for the walk. On my way back I broke out from some brush rather suddenly and nearly scared to death a horse ridden by Lucas Galbell, the head engineer of the Roaring Lion. I didn't know anyone was there, but Galbell didn't wait for me to apologize. He smashed me with a notebook he held in his hand. He made my nose bleed. Just then Harbird rode round a sharp turn, and Galbell went away with him. He probably thought I'd bring his old book round to his office. That's what I intended to do at first. But when I stooped over to pick it up—well! The book lay there wide open, and what I saw in it made me gasp. Since I've been working with the engineers I've learned a lot about notes. And Galbell makes them unusually plain. Right there before my eyes was evidence that a drift has been run off from the Roaring Lion shaft into your ground and a body of ore opened up! I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to be sneaky. But about that time Lee came up, and when I told him he said, 'Takeum to Mr. Crossman. That man had no business to hit you on nose. I run 'long to your boss with figures!' I thought it was all right to let you know what I had found out. With these two pages in your possession, the courts—"

"Give 'em to me quick," said the miner. "I'll stow 'em away in a safe place."

Dal laid the book on the table, carefully tore out two pages and folded them. Then in great haste he shoved the folded white squares into the pocket of his overalls.

At that moment they heard outside the clatter of hoofs and men dismounting. Then the door swung violently open, and into the room strode George Harbird, Lucas Galbell and one of his assistants. "I want my notebook!" said Galbell.

"Yeah! You give it to him!" Harbird growled, glad to see the book on the table.

Dal had already made up his mind what he should do. He would try to get out of the house and run to Cobre Rico half a mile away, where he had plenty of friends.

Galbell had just shouted, "They've been cut out!" when Dal made a dash for the door. Boy-like, he thought of putting an obstacle or two in his pursuers' way. So he tried to jerk the door shut as he jumped through the opening.

"Stop!" bellowed Harbird, starting after Dal. But he had made but two steps when he ran square against the sharp edge of the swinging door. The blow knocked out his wind and gave his pug nose a hard blow. "Ouch," he yelled. "Ouch!" he yelled again when Galbell crashed into his broad back—and "Ouch!" he yelled a third time when the assistant thumped into Galbell. When he finally got out of the door he saw Dal entering a thicket of scrub pines.

The chase was now on in dead earnest. Although Harbird was no sprinter and Galbell and his assistant were both rangy and fast, Harbird was leading when the

three reached the trees. Then all at once they went down in a confused heap on the ground, yelling, shooting, swishing and swatting at an army of bees.

"Help! Murder! Drive 'em away!" Harbird yelled.

"Drive 'em away yourself!" Galbell yelled back as he threw his assistant aside, and rising from the ground, rushed from the pines in pursuit of Dal.

The young miner had a splendid lead, but—hard luck! His foot caught on a protruding root, and before he could rise Galbell's big hand slapped down on his shoulder.

Dal was on his feet when Harbird ran up and demanded the pages that had been torn from his notebook.

"I haven't got them," the boy said. "You have! That's why you tried to get away!" Harbird roared, fastening his fingers in Dal's collar. "Dig up!"

"I tell you that I haven't got them!" John Crossman and the assistant now joined the group. Though much out of breath, the miner showed that he still had

spirit. "Leave that boy alone!" he cried, panting. "If you don't, I'll—"

"Aw, shut up!" said Harbird and then turned on Dal. "Dig up," he cried fiercely, "or I'll come down on you with all I've got in me! And that's a lot!"

"I tell you I haven't got 'em," said Dal as quietly as before.

And indeed he did not have the folded pages. Ten minutes later when his enemies took him to the shanty and searched him thoroughly they found nothing.

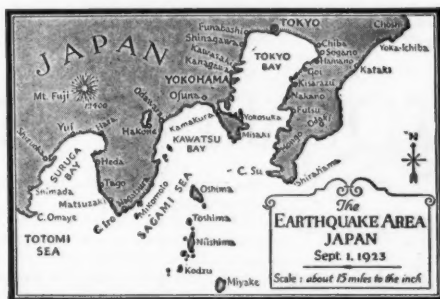
Harbird stormed and raved; his bee-stung face was purple with rage. Galbell stormed also; his long, sour visage was a sight to laugh at.

Then the three men searched the house from the rafters to the loose boards of the floor. Nor did they stop there; they went over every inch of the ground from the door to where Dal had stumbled and been captured. They seemed to overlook nothing—trees, logs, rocks, fallen leaves; yet they did not find the folded pages.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT JAPANESE CATASTROPHE

By R.A. Duckworth Ford
Major, Philippine Constabulary



AUTHENTIC news of the complete destruction by earthquake and fire of Yokohama, the devastation of the greater part of Tokyo and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives reached Manila on Monday morning, September 3. The news seemed too terrible to be credible. The magnitude of the catastrophe, its awfulness and its suddenness paralyzed people's minds. Such information as could be obtained from the Manila observatory, however, indicated that there had occurred at noon of September 1 in the Tokyo-Yokohama district a seismicological disturbance of terrific violence. The centre of the earthquake probably was beneath the bed of the ocean in the vicinity of the volcanic island of Oshima. Additional news came in by wireless and cable that only confirmed the magnitude of the disaster. Headed by General Wood, General Read and others, the American Red Cross, the several Chambers of Commerce, the Rotary Club and other bodies immediately took measures to raise a relief fund and rush supplies of food, medical equipment, clothing and bedding, building materials, doctors and nurses to stricken Japan. The army transport Merritt, with General Read and staff and a contingent of American and Filipino doctors and nurses aboard, its holds filled to the utmost limit with relief supplies, sailed from Manila on the morning of the sixth. The navy tanker Pecos, with more supplies, followed. The transport Meigs was next on the list to go.

At noon of Sunday, September 9, I received orders from General Wood to get

An example of the structural strength of the modern reinforced concrete building



aboard the Meigs, proceed to Tokyo and report for duty to Brig. Gen. Frank McCoy, who had been assigned by the Secretary of War to direct the operations of the American Relief Mission. The Meigs pulled away at eleven o'clock Monday morning. Like the Merritt and the Pecos she carried a full-capacity cargo, including fifty-one thousand bags of rice, fifteen thousand cots, quantities of underclothing, medical supplies, tentage, a number of field kitchens and water carts, building material, and much else. At Corregidor the ship took on sixty thousand pounds of frozen beef.

For the first thirty-six hours we enjoyed fine weather. After we passed through the Balintang Channel, north of Luzon, we encountered an oily-looking sea restless with a long, lazy swell. The barometer was low. Captain McLellan, master of the Meigs, mentioned an atmospheric depression ahead. On Friday, the fourteenth, the weather broke. We ran into a gale, and the sea was churned into big, boisterous, foaming waves. On Saturday the Meigs was still plugging sturdily through mountainous seas at the rate of about five knots an hour. Next morning our wireless picked up a message from Osaka to the effect that a violent typhoon had broken over the mainland of Japan, and that several towns in the Kobe district had been inundated. Relief ships had run for shelter in the harbors of the Inland Sea. By Monday morning the weather had greatly moderated, and some time after sundown the Meigs was steaming at slow speed through the calm waters of the Sagami Sea, headed for Tokyo Bay.

Next morning at sunrise we passed the Misaki lighthouse, and we got a first glimpse of the ravages of the earthquake. The tower leaned precariously; the dwellings at the base were in ruins. Perhaps an hour later we passed between the two fortified islets that for so many years have stood as sentinels at the mouth of Tokyo Bay. Steel and concrete turrets were riven asunder, turned upside down, split into unrecognizable fragments. Big guns, red with rust, were ripped from their casements and tossed hither and thither, some of them half submerged in the sea water, their muzzles pointing aimlessly skyward. After breakfast a navy launch from U. S. S. Huron, Admiral Anderson's flagship, came alongside the Meigs and took Colonel Zollars who was in charge of the relief supplies that the Meigs had brought up, and me to the Merritt, which was discharging its cargo at what remained of one of the great piers of Yokohama. I went ashore and got a brief survey of the ruined city.

It was a scene of awful desolation—desolation and devastation so vast, so terrible, so complete as to defy description. The once famous and beautiful port of Yokohama was annihilated—blotted out.

It was a city of the dead. All that remained of it was miles of debris, fallen masonry, twisted iron, charred timber, the grotesque remains of hundreds of motor cars—a tragedy unspeakable! The great commercial buildings, the banks, the Grand Hotel,—that famous caravansary for Far Eastern tourists,—the Yokohama United Club, the great steamship offices, the consular buildings, all were destroyed. Even the Bluff, not long since crowned with fine residences,—homes of Americans and Europeans,—glorious with its verdant avenues and groves and landscape gardens, did not escape the cataclysmic blow.

From Dr. Leach of the Rockefeller Foundation, Commander Glassford of the destroyer Tracy and various officers of General Read's staff I gathered some details of events in and about Yokohama on that terrible Saturday. Gleams of light amid the blackness of tragedy were many heroic deeds. Extraordinary, almost beyond belief,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Before the earthquake there stood here a strong three-story, ten-room house

were some of the escapes. Doubtless many acts of supreme sacrifice can never be known. Except as to minor details I can vouch for the authenticity of the following incidents:

Within half an hour of the first big shock the greater part of Yokohama was aflame. The court was in full session, and the courthouse immediately crashed, causing the loss of hundreds of lives. Some eight hundred people took refuge in the great building of the Yokohama Specie Bank. The floor space was packed with panic-stricken human beings. The fire-proof shutters of the doors and windows were closed. Scores of people, unable to gain admittance, were overcome by heat and smoke on the steps of the bank; scores of others who had climbed over the brick walls of the compound were similarly caught. All about the bank soon became an inferno of roaring flame. The eight hundred refugees who had sought sanctuary within the massive walls of the bank were trapped and consumed.

When the great oil tanks caught fire and exploded huge volumes of oil poured into

the narrow canals that threaded the crowded city. Hundreds of river craft, packed with refugees, thronged the canals, which had been converted into rivers of flame. Thousands were drowned or burned to death.

When the earthquake occurred the French steamer *André le Bon* was tied up at one of the wharfs. Some essential parts of her boiler machinery had been sent ashore for repairs. The steamer was consequently unable to get up steam and get clear of the wharf when the fire attacked the warehouses at the docks and began to threaten the shipping. Seeing the *Le Bon's* predicament, an American named Laffin jumped into a dingy and with the help of a couple of Japanese boatmen took a rope-line from the ship and sculled out toward a buoy just inside the breakwater. When within some eighty yards of the buoy an oar broke,—there was a stiff gale blowing at the time,—and the dingy was unable to make headway. Thereupon Laffin took the end of the line between his teeth, jumped overboard, and swam to the buoy. After a good deal of buffeting he succeeded in passing the end of the rope through the ring of the buoy. Then, still clinching the rope-end between his teeth, Laffin swam back to the *André le Bon*. By means of Laffin's daring, resource and physical endurance the engineers of the steamer were able to run a cable to the buoy and with the winches slowly haul the *André le Bon* out to open water and safety. Already, as the steamer was pulling away from the pier, the flaming waters of the canals were pouring themselves into the inner waters of the harbor, which itself became a lake of fire.

At the moment of the great shock Mrs. Crane, wife of Major Crane of the United States Army, was at a ticket agency. The building collapsed. Mrs. Crane, badly bruised but not crippled, found herself half buried in a pile of fallen masonry and timber. She managed to extricate herself and by a miracle found her way through the debris to the waterfront beyond the Bund. Removing her outer clothing, she plunged into the sea and swam out to the *Empress of Australia*, where she was taken aboard and cared for. Major Crane was a passenger on an electric street car, bound from Tokyo to Yokohama. The car was thrown from the rails. Major Crane got out and walked. Skirting the rim of blazing Yokohama, he eventually encountered rescue parties from whom he learned that his wife was safe.

An American named Thomas was a guest at the Oriental Hotel. Returning to the hotel after a busy morning, hot and grimy, he went to his bathroom for an ante-luncheon shower. Suddenly came a roar and a crash. A mass of masonry poured down upon and about him. He heard the screams

and waded out, shoulder deep. There for four hours they stood, utter strangers to each other, splashing water over each other, occasionally submerging, to counteract the fury of the heat. Eventually they were rescued and transported to Kobe.

The escape of Mrs. Bender was equally miraculous. Somewhat indisposed, she was in bed in a third-story room of the General Electric Company, when the big quake came. In less than thirty seconds the building collapsed. Mrs. Bender, still clinging to her bed, found herself in the street. On all sides buildings were crashing to earth. At that moment, shaken and disheveled, but otherwise unhurt, Mr. Bender—the lady's husband—emerged from the ruins. Together the pair hurried across the Bund to the waterside and plunged into the sea at a point outside the breakwater and beyond the zone of flaming oil. They swam out to a sampan on which were some Japanese coolies. The Japanese refused to let the two refugees come aboard. Mr. Bender did not like the looks or the manner of the crew and advised his wife to move on. They saw another boat a little way off. It apparently was unoccupied. They reached it safely and clambered aboard. They then sculled the boat to the French steamer *André le Bon*, on which they found sanctuary.

The damage by earthquake at Tokyo was somewhat less severe than that suffered by



A ruined tower in a one-time pleasure resort

Yokohama. But three-fourths of the capital city was destroyed by fire. The most terrible tragedy of all was that of the district of Hongo. In a large field, surrounded on all sides by buildings of the army clothing depot, between thirty and forty thousand people—men, women, children—took refuge. The flames caught the buildings. The refugees were hemmed in by walls of fire. Not a single one escaped alive.

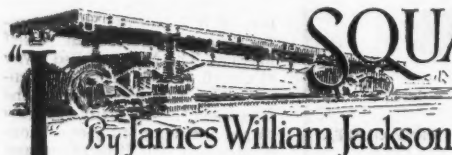
No account of the catastrophe can be complete without some reference to the magnificent work of the Japanese army. For months before the earthquake there had been much talk among a considerable section of the people of a material reduction of the military power. It was plausibly argued that, since the arrangements brought about by the Washington Conference and the ratification of the Four Power Pact, a formidable standing army was extravagant, unessential and politically undesirable. But since the earthquake and the fires little of such talk has been heard. The catastrophe has brought home to the people that the army, organized and equipped, saved the situation.

The military were on the spot and on the job without delay. They met the stupendous and unprecedented demands of the emergency with promptness and efficiency and without any fuss or fluster. The army was able to accomplish this because it was thoroughly organized, trained and disciplined.

There were no disputes about wages. The soldiers knew the amount of their pay to the last sen. They expected neither more nor less than their pay for obeying orders and doing their duty. There was no grumbling over long hours, laborious and unpleasant duties and scanty rations. Officers and soldiers were aware that a calamity of enormous magnitude had struck down their proud, beloved capital—a capital that, like Paris, singularly betokens the heart and soul of the nation. To the soldiers it was but a part of the game to buckle to, sturdily, silently, enduringly, in the work of retrieval, relief and reconstruction. And so the army, when the crisis came, saved the day and saved Nippon from the horrors of famine and disease that otherwise must have swept the devastated areas.

Everywhere the army has established emergency stations for the relief of the maimed, the destitute and the hungry. Everywhere the army has afforded protection to life and property. The army has rebuilt or repaired roads and bridges, re-established the railway system, erected cantonments and barracks for the homeless, provided for the welfare of orphaned children, buried or burned the dead, policed the city streets and the rural districts and done a thousand and one things to lessen privation and relieve distress. Indeed, the army has justified its existence ten times over. Already Japan is recovering from the blow.

Tokyo is rising from its ashes, for when the hour of trial struck the army was ready.



By James William Jackson

BELIEVE you did that on purpose! Ouch, how that stings!"

A young fellow in overalls sat on a freight-car timber. He had one foot clasped in both his hands, and his face was screwed up in an expression of intense pain while he rocked back and forth.

"Upon my word, Tom, I didn't. Honest!" John Archer declared as he stood regretfully by, gripping the muscles of his own arms and showing in his own face an acute pain that was not caused entirely by Tom Mason's accident.

The P. & A. repair shop was filled from door to door with freight cars, and the ten parallel lines of track that reached far out into the yard were crowded with other cars—all patients that had been sent to the "railway hospital."

Mason and Archer were listed as "helpers." A carpenter and an assistant usually constituted a working crew, but pressure of work often compelled the superintendent to give one of two helpers brevet rank as mechanic with the promise that the one who proved to be the more competent should be promoted to carpenter at higher wages. Naturally there was a mild rivalry between Mason and Archer.

The two had been putting a new drawhead into a box car. As they lifted the heavy timber to its place Archer's hand had slipped, and the great chunk of wood, dropping suddenly, had struck Mason's foot a glancing blow.

"I'm mighty sorry, Tom," Archer said sympathetically as he watched his mate nurse the foot.

The foreman came up at that moment. He frowned as he saw the two idle. "Why don't you get to work? Shop jammed with cars and you fellows loafing! What's the matter, Tom?"

"Archer dropped a drawhead on top of me," Tom explained between his groans. "He wants to lay me off!"

The absurdity of such a charge would have made Archer smile in other circumstances; but the foreman was Mason's uncle, and a trivial thing might prejudice him in favor of his relative.

"What have you to say about that?" the foreman asked Archer coldly.

"My muscles pain a great deal from pine poisoning. I suppose my fingers were numb. I didn't mean to do it, of course."

The explanation was more plausible than it seems. The yellow pine timbers leave tiny splinters in the hands of the workmen, and

the numerous little wounds sometimes cause serious pain.

The foreman smiled incredulously. "I'm afraid you will never make a trustworthy mechanic,"

he observed and shook his head in disapproval. "I have just received orders to increase the help, and I think in the circumstances Tom ought to have the carpenter job in your crew. Get to work now, Tom; the thought of your next pay envelope will stop that ache."

Tom dragged himself painfully to his feet as the foreman walked away. His face wore a faint smile of satisfaction and triumph, to which Archer paid no attention.

The drawhead went into its place without further accident, and in the course of a few minutes the two were straining with wrenches at the big nuts. Every hard pull sent spasms of pain through Archer's arms, but there were greater pains of disappointment in his heart.

The two mates scarcely exchanged a word as they kept on with the work. Mason occasionally made some muttered reference to his damaged foot, but Archer did not feel obliged to repeat either his explanation or his apology.

When they had finished the box car

Archer went to the office to report and to get another car assigned to them. Such errand-boy work, which always fell to the lot of the helper, was only one of the galling incidents of the situation. Hitherto when Mason and Archer had worked together it was a matter of chance who turned in the reports; now Tom's elevation made Archer the errand boy on all occasions.

He turned in a statement of the time and a list of materials used on the box car. Then he received an assignment of a flat car on track number seven. He brought the orders to Mason, and together they carried their tools to the new job.

A study of the inspector's chalk marks on the flat car explained that new brake shoes and one new pair of wheels were needed. Replacing the wheels, which was the bigger job, properly came first, and Archer in his menial capacity went off after a couple of hydraulic jacks while Mason laid out the tools and loosened a few bolts.

Archer placed the jacks in position under the end of the car and pumped them until the heavy body of the car, tilted high in the air, formed an angle with the ground that suggested the open jaws of a giant alligator.

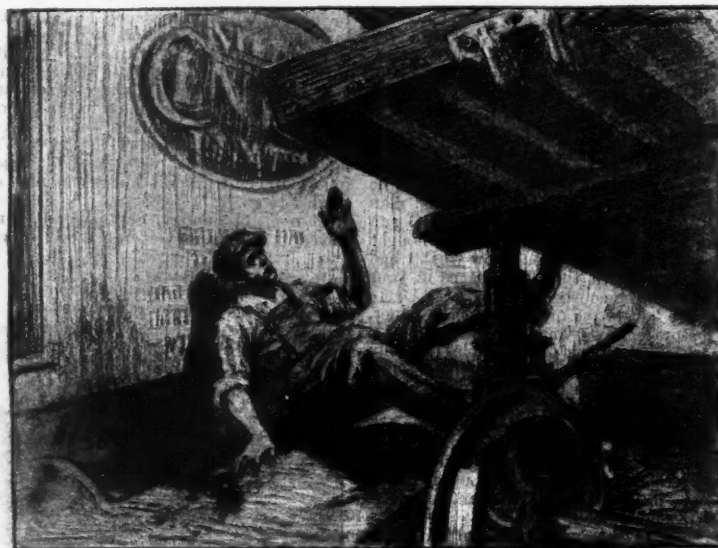
The new wheels, including the axle on which the wheels had already been set to



This concrete pillar with its steel rods shows the titanic shock from below

of a woman somewhere above him. Half dazed, he looked upward. Above his head, suspended by the pipes to which it was affixed, was a bath, to which clung a frantic woman. Thomas shouted to her to hang on till he could help her down. By means of the pipes Thomas contrived to climb up a distance of several feet. Then the woman clambered down upon his shoulders. Together they crawled through the ruins into the street and ran across to the edge of the sea wall. Yokohama was a flaming furnace. The heat was intense. The woman said she could not swim. Thomas said it was better to take a chance in the water than to face certain death by fire. They got into it

No one could take such a terrific blow without succumbing



the gauge, they brought up from the lower end of the shop on a low, heavy truck. Then with the help of others who were working near by they quickly substituted them for the old ones. An undue share of the rougher work fell upon Archer, for Tom chose that his mate should feel the change in their relative positions.

On the next track, number six, a crew were repairing the roof of a box car. Evidently they had heard of Tom's elevation and were moved to lighten their task by teasing him a little. Mason, however, worked on without paying much attention to their nonsense. He was eager to make a reputation for himself in his new job; besides, he realized that for a while he would be keenly watched.

"Say, Mr. Mason, you got them wheels in wrong end first," one of the two on the box car shouted.

Tom would have enjoyed the ridiculous suggestion that there could be a right and a wrong end to a pair of wheels, but the "Mr." annoyed him. Archer heard him murmur some irritated comment.

The two soon had the wheels adjusted, and then they set to work bolting them fast to the truck.

"Send your errand boy after a left-hand monkey wrench, Mr. Superintendent!" The man on the car roof took the end of a board that he had been sawing and flung it in Tom's direction. It dropped neatly on the plank platform within six inches of Tom's foot.

The shop was not a quiet place by any means, yet the bit of board, dropping so close, sounded like a pistol shot. Tom was intent on the truck, and his head was between it and the car above. The sharp click of the block so startled him that he lifted his head, which came into sharp contact with the car above him. The two fellows on the box car chuckled. Though Tom did not retaliate, Archer knew that he was fast losing control of his temper.

When the bolting was finished the next operation was to drop the body of the car on the truck.

It was not necessary of course to lower the two jacks together to allow the car to settle slowly and evenly. All that was needed was to insert a key into the jacks and give it a single turn to unlock them.

"Are you ready, Archer?" Mason asked in an irritable tone, rubbing the bump on his head as he crawled from under the car.

"All ready," Archer replied as he placed his key.

"Then let go," Mason called, and Archer gave the turn as he heard the hiss of the easing jack on the other side.

Hewitt—that was the name of Tom's tormentor—chose that moment to continue his teasing. He had found a bunch of oily waste. "Here, mechanic, polish up your ideas with that!" he shouted and flung the waste at Tom's head.

Mason was in the habit of sticking out his tongue whenever he was intent on his work, and just as he unlocked the jack the oily waste brushed down over his face and protruding tongue. He dropped the key from its socket and whirled with furious rapidity. In a blind spring he started for the box car, viciously intent upon thrashing his tormentor. But in his rage he forgot to exercise prudence. Just behind him was the low heavy truck that had brought the new pair of wheels. As he turned it tripped him and threw him with pitiless force against the car.

Tom sank on the platform in a dazed heap. "Look out!" Hewitt suddenly called in frightened tones. "Jump, Tom, quick!"

But even if Hewitt's frightened tones had conveyed to Tom's bewildered mind the notion of a new danger, which is doubtful, he was at the moment indifferent to further disaster. For an instant Hewitt and his mate surveyed the scene; then, scared out of their wits by the consequences of their fooling, they began hurriedly to climb down from the top of the car in the vain hope of averting the tragedy that threatened.

For as Mason in his rage had dropped the key and turned away from the car Archer had discovered that his jack would not unlock. He worked desperately for a second or so, turning the key this way and that way with nervous fingers. But the jack would not yield. Meanwhile the car was settling on Tom's side. It was settling slowly, to be sure, but before many moments something would happen. The flat car, which was one of the heaviest in the shop, could not sag far with-

out slewing round. Some part of it would slide over on the spot where Tom lay.

Archer's first thought when he failed to unlock the jack was that such an accident would damage the car, that the work of repair would be delayed, and that he would be accused of carelessness again in bringing about the smash. When his nervous turns of the key failed to affect the jack he abandoned the task in desperation.

"Pump, Tom, pump!" he shouted. As he glanced helplessly across to Tom's side of the car he discovered to his amazement that his mate was prostrate on the ground. Then came the sudden call of warning from the box car.

Letting go the useless key, Archer ran round the front of the car. The act took precious seconds, for room in the shop was so valuable that scarcely a working passage had been left between the flat car and the car next to it. When he reached Tom the flat car was already swaying.

"Keep away, Bill!" Hewitt shouted, interposing a hand to stop his own mate from going further down the ladder. "It's too late!" he shouted to Archer and held tight.

It did indeed seem too late. The angle of the car was startling; even the most experienced observer could hardly have told whether there remained two seconds or twenty seconds of grace. Nevertheless, Archer sprang forward to the jack. If the key had only been in place, he could easily have locked the mechanism, and then probably the deadly swaying of the ponderous bulk would have ceased. But the key had fallen under the car, and to think of recovering it in time to use it was sheer folly. Seizing the handle of the jack, he began to pump with all the desperation of a man who is striving for his life. If the car should begin to slide, he could not save himself by a backward jump. The track behind was blocked, and sideways it was ten feet to safety. He knew that he could not get

clear of danger in one bound, and that when the car started to fall there would not be time for more than one jump.

The men on the box car expected at every second to hear the thirty-foot car wrench from its rear truck and to see its tons of weight instantly crush out two lives.

As Archer grasped the jack lever with one hand he set the other hand against the car in the foolish hope that his puny strength would suffice to hold it until he brought up the jack. He pumped with desperate haste.

The first lifting of the lever appeared in no measure to still the swaying of the car. The slightest movement of the great bulk struck fear to Archer's heart. He felt a mad desire to jump; he felt certain that to stay meant only a second more of life.

He conquered the feeling as the lever came up again. Downward he pressed it and once more lifted it.

The shouts had attracted the attention of several other men who were near at hand, and Archer was aware of startled voices. But no one could help him.

Then the little squad of men saw with relief that Archer was winning. By eighths of an inch the body of the car was lifting to an even plane while the tense and white-faced boy moved the lever up and down.

As the car ceased to sway and tremble one of the men came to Archer's side and recovered the key. A little more pumping and the car was back to its old level. Inserting the key, the man locked the jack as Archer, weak from the fearful strain, staggered back and settled down trembling on the edge of the truck that had tripped Mason.

A murmur of admiration ran through the group. Hewitt and his mate climbed down from the box car on their belated errand of assistance to Mason, who was beginning to recover his senses. He seemed to think that all the excitement was on account of his serious fall. In his dazed condition he misconstrued Archer's presence on that side of the car and evidently believed that his mate was responsible for the accident. "Archer, I believe you did that on purpose," he moaned as he struggled to a sitting posture.

"He certainly did, Mason!" Hewitt declared heartily. "If he hadn't, you would never have lived to tell the tale. He's a mechanic, he is, and it won't be forty-eight hours before he draws a mechanic's pay!"

Archer's superiors shared Hewitt's appreciation. They made Archer's advancement identical in time with that of Mason, who was the first to offer congratulations.



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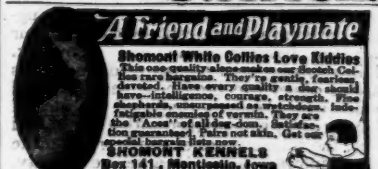
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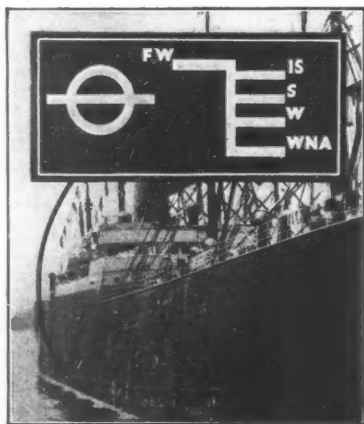
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In Payment you should Teach in turn.

TO YOUTH the world is full of possibilities, to middle age of probabilities, and to old age—too often of liabilities.

IF COLDS CAN BE "CAUGHT," they can also be imparted. Better spend a day or two at home rather than scatter a half dozen or more colds in the schoolroom or the office.

BICYCLING is the most popular form of locomotion in France. Recent tax returns show that there are more than five million bicycles in the country—many more than there were in any earlier year.

THE STATE RAILWAYS of Sweden have installed mirrors at various busy crossings to warn automobile drivers of approaching trains. The mirrors are so placed as to reflect the image of the tracks for a considerable distance along the road. They are particularly effective at night when the reflection of the locomotive headlight flashes a warning. The mirrors, being slightly convex in form, magnify the image.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE of the early future will be building railways in South America, Asia and Africa. In each of those continents are now vast areas of rich land that can be exploited only when the railways come. In the United States there are on the average eighty-three miles of railway to every thousand square miles. In Europe there are only sixty-two miles of railway to every thousand square miles, in South America only seven, in Asia only four, and in Africa only three.

THE OUTPUT OF PIG IRON in the United States in 1923 was nearly forty million tons, an amount that surpasses even the war-time production of 1916; yet the exports of steel and iron were much lower than they were in 1913, and the lowest in the history of the industry in America if compared with the quantity produced. How long will it take American blast furnaces, keyed up to war-time pitch, to supply the demands of home consumption? Or has home consumption so increased that it can keep this great industry going at its present gait?

HUMAN HOTHOUSE PLANTS will be more than a figure of speech if a Chicago engineer can carry out a project that he is urging. He wants to build in some city a residential section perhaps half a mile square, put a glass roof over it and have one central heating plant for it. He promises to produce an Hawaiian climate all the year round, roses in winter, no rain on wash days, and other alluring advantages. He thinks that the cost of the superstructure would be offset by the lower cost of building inside the enclosure and by the lessened expenditures for heat.

REPARATIONS APART, there seems to be some hope in German finance. The Reichswirtschaftsrat, or council for the management of the empire, lately advised the budget makers to compute the budget for 1924-1925 in gold marks. Dr. Luther in preparing an estimate found that the total

was about three billion gold marks, or \$750,000,000. That is no more than a sixth as much as England spends, though England has a smaller population. Germany now spends little on armaments and has no high costs of administration. Its war debt is only a paper debt of sixty billion marks, which at the present rate of exchange is less than three cents.

MUSSOLINI GOES TO THE PEOPLE?

MUSSOLINI, having got his "electoral reform" bill passed—a bill that assures any majority party of a two-thirds vote in the Chamber of Deputies—is thinking of dismissing Parliament and trusting his fortunes to the electors. The present Chamber has given him its support under duress as it were, for it contains only a small number of Fascists elected as such. Evidently the dictator believes that the Italian nation is squarely behind him and will return a Fascist majority. His opponents affect to doubt the result and talk hopefully of his overthrow, but almost every unprejudiced person believes that Mussolini's confidence is justified. His policies have been generally popular. He has improved the administration and put an end to the scandalous waste and extravagance that characterized the previous régime. He has managed to arouse the people to the need of order, discipline and hard work. He has put an end to the divisive efforts of the Socialists without opening himself to the charge of undue favoritism to the employing class. He has stirred Italian patriotism, and his foreign policy, though suspected outside Italy, seems to have added to his popularity at home. From this distance he appears to be an honest and efficient dictator—but a dictator nevertheless.

It was perhaps necessary that a dictator should appear. During the nineteenth century the British parliamentary system became so popular that it was adopted by many countries to which it is not suited. Both in Italy and in Spain it survived for a time, but seemed to degenerate into corruption, inefficiency and impotence. Whether the Latin countries will always be out of sympathy with a kind of government devised by a people so different from themselves in temperament and experience as the English we do not know, but it is certain that parliamentarism has not worked well either in Spain or in Italy. Even in Great Britain it does not today work so satisfactorily as it worked fifty years ago. We cannot imagine Great Britain's abandoning parliamentary government, but we can admit the possibility that Italy and Spain will find something else better adapted to their needs.

It is not likely that the kind of personal government that Mussolini exemplifies will be the final type of Italian polity. That depends too much on the unusual man, the political genius, and it defies too brazenly the spirit of liberty, which, whatever Mussolini thinks, is not yet "dead and decomposed." But in times of crisis the Italian people have immemorially turned to a dictator. Now they have done it again. Mussolini's place in history will depend not only on the skill with which he administers public affairs now but on how well he prepares Italy for a return to a more constitutional form of government.

PLIMSOLL'S MARK

FIFTY years ago a social reformer named Samuel Plimsoll roused the English people and Parliament to pass legislation that made it unlawful for shipowners to risk the lives of their crews in unseaworthy and overloaded vessels. "Coffin ships," deep laden and heavily insured, were leaving English ports with little except the chance of fair weather between them and shipwreck. Plimsoll, who until he had made money as a coal dealer had been poor and had lived much among sailors, conceived the idea of having every ship marked with a lawful load line, the submergence of which would make the shipowner liable to a severe penalty. After several years of agitating the matter, during which he was elected to Parliament, Plimsoll got the party in power to introduce a bill to accomplish his object. When Disraeli, who was then premier, announced that the bill would be dropped, Plimsoll completely lost control of himself. He called the members of Parliament villains and shook his fist in the Speaker's face. He

turned the house into an uproar, but the country at large approved his action, for most people believed that the shipowners had exerted pressure to have the measure blocked. Indeed, public indignation was so strong that the government felt obliged to pass a bill, which it later amended into the Merchant Shipping Act, giving the Board of Trade power to inspect every cargo vessel and to mark on it a water line of safe loading. That line is now known everywhere as "Plimsoll's mark."

Most of the other maritime nations have followed the example of England and passed similar measures of "commercial respectability," but the United States has not. In 1919 the House of Representatives passed a bill to establish load lines on cargo ships, but the bill did not come to a vote in the Senate. Possibly in the present days of high-sided freighters seamen do not incur the dangers that so aroused Plimsoll, but an overloaded boat is never quite safe. Moreover, it is only from courtesy that foreign nations do not apply their loading laws to United States ships in their ports. Foreign companies protest with justice against the advantage that their American competitors thus receive and that their own governments allow.

The subject is perhaps not of the highest importance. Still in a recent report the Secretary of Commerce refers to "the growing necessity for load-line legislation," and surely at a time when ships are cheap and running expenses high owners are under a constant temptation to overload their vessels. In any case measures that would make our ships more welcome in foreign ports are worth while.

BEING BUSY

WHEN people tell one another how busy they are or have been, although they are likely to lament the "busyness," they usually regard it as creditable. And yet to be busy is not necessarily to be engaged in anything worth while. Being busy and working are by no means synonymous. The disparaging expression "a busybody" arose from a perception of that fact. People who keep themselves pretty constantly occupied with work have no time or inclination for mischief-making, yet people can busy themselves in making mischief. They can busy themselves too in ways that do no special harm to others and that are yet futile and frivolous. A great many people, for example, are busy performing social acts and rites that have no particular value.

Being busy in the sense of being constantly occupied with the little complications in the web of life is a harassing and discouraging form of activity. Yet nowadays people give more time and effort to the attempt to deal with such complications than ever before—because the complications are more numerous and intricate.

The persons who are busy most of the time on productive, interesting work of some kind, and who do not allow the element of busyness to invade their hours of recreation and relaxation, have a sound philosophy of life and are living in accordance with it.

RETRANSLATING THE BIBLE

A LEARNED professor of the University of Chicago, Prof. Edgar J. Goodspeed, has recently published a translation of the New Testament and thereby has aroused no little discussion. A great many persons are inclined to resent any new translation of the Scriptures, for they ascribe to the great King James Version an authority in the English tongue not unlike that which the Church Fathers gave to the Septuagint in Greek or to the Vulgate Version in Latin. Others, who are not opposed to the principle of retranslation, cannot help comparing the new versions with the Authorized Text and are offended at changes that lessen the dignity or the solemn music of familiar and beloved passages.

It is safe to say that no new English translation can ever replace the Authorized Version in the hearts of Christian people. No one will ever be able to improve on the literary beauty of the text, to which time has added a certain archaic quality appropriate to so ancient a book. Modern scholarship has found, or thinks that it has found, opportunities for supplying a more exact and literally-correct rendering than the divines of the seventeenth century gave us; but the real

improvements are not many or important. The substitution of "love" for "charity" in the famous thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is almost the only change in the Revised Version that has made any impression on the minds of Christians.

Most of the recent translations—like that of Professor Goodspeed—aim at putting the Scriptures into twentieth-century English instead of seventeenth-century English in the hope of making clearer to some readers the meaning of passages that the use of words or images now obsolete or meaningless has a little obscured. The motive is good, the work in all cases has been done sincerely and reverently, and perhaps the result is useful. The danger is that the translator will do too much, that he will change words or phrases that do not need to be changed, and that he will end by producing a version that is too colloquial either to impress or to stimulate the imagination.

These are general observations, not to be taken as critical of Professor Goodspeed's translation, which will stand or fall according as the American readers for whom it was made find it helpful or not. But we believe scholars are inclined to exaggerate in their own minds the difficulties that the Authorized Version presents even to immature or imperfectly-educated readers, and that they do not always appreciate the effect that its beautiful phrasing has on the ears and the imagination of those who listen to it. They were inspired men who produced it.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

INSURANCE against unemployment, though it seems to be only a logical extension of a business that is not above protecting the givers of garden parties and the promoters of baseball games from the uncertainties of the weather, has seldom been tried in this country. In Europe, where some degree of overpopulation has long existed, the problem of unemployment is more serious than it is in the United States, and plans for insuring the worker against involuntary idleness are accordingly far more advanced. The so-called Ghent plan, which originated in Belgium and which has spread to other parts of Europe, is based on regular contributions made by the members of the trade-unions, augmented by a subsidy from the state or from the municipal government. The worker who is out of employment through no fault of his own can receive benefits from the fund thus created for sixty days in the year, but no more. In England there has been for more than ten years compulsory insurance, to the expense of which the workers, the employers and the government all contribute.

In the United States there has as yet been no serious attempt to introduce the kind of unemployment insurance in which the state is a partner, and there have been few efforts to establish insurance funds within the various industries themselves. One of the most hopeful plans of the kind has just been adopted by the manufacturers and workers in the clothing industry of Chicago. It is natural enough that the clothing workers should be among the first in the field, for their business is what is called "seasonal," and almost every year there are times of slack work. The plan is that each worker shall contribute one and a half per cent of his wages to the insurance fund, and that the employer shall add a sum equal to the combined contributions of his employees. The benefits are to be paid during periods of involuntary idleness—not the result of labor disputes or strikes—and are limited to five weeks in the year. The payments are to be forty per cent of the full-time weekly wage, but are not to exceed \$20 a week. To administer the fund there is to be a board of trustees the members of which are to be named in part by the workers' union and in part by the manufacturers. A professor of the University of Wisconsin will act as the chairman.

Unemployment is a serious evil even in America, where labor is usually much better off than it is in more thickly-peopled countries. There are times in every industry when there is not enough work for every able-bodied man who is willing to labor. The experiment of the Chicago clothing workers should be of interest to working men and to employers everywhere. If it succeeds, other industries will take up the idea, and the way may be opened to a national system not unlike that of Great Britain. It will succeed if the individual workers are willing to take

part in it,—for participation is not compulsory,—and if there are no irritating disputes either over the definition of "involuntary unemployment" or over the right of this or that group of workpeople to receive benefits from the fund.

TO OUR READERS

RALPH D. PAINE

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CURRENT EVENTS

PUBLIC opinion in Japan is much aroused by the outrageous murder of three persons who were strangled in jail for no other offense than being socialists. After the disastrous earthquake at Tokyo the police arrested and imprisoned all the persons who were known to hold radical political opinions on the theory that they might take advantage of the disorder to excite actual revolt. The three persons who were killed are Mr. and Mrs. Osugi and their nephew, who was only seven years old, and who, having been born in Oregon, was registered as an American citizen. The murders were committed by two army officers, who say in their own defense that they acted "for the greater glory of Japan." It is rumored that other socialists were executed without trial, and it is known that a good many foreigners and persons of supposed revolutionary sympathies were killed by mobs or "vigilance committees" during the panic that followed the earthquake.

THE plans for rebuilding Tokyo are creditable to the Japanese. More than four hundred thousand houses were burned. Such wide areas were laid waste that it is possible to reconstruct the city on a really systematic plan. The proposal is that the government shall buy all the land in the devastated area, and that, after laying it out so as to include wider and more convenient streets, better parks and open spaces, enlarged and deepened canals and wide barrier avenues to limit the spread of fire, it shall sell the remaining land back to the people.

IT is encouraging to hear that the French government is to negotiate directly with the German government concerning the situation in the Ruhr and the Rhineland. The arrangement with the industrial chiefs, to which we have already referred, may be sufficient from the French point of view, since it is likely to bring in more in the way of reparation payments than any agreement that the Berlin government could make; but, since it is too irregular to be a satisfactory basis of national relations, the respective governments should come to an understand-

ing. It may be taken for granted that the German request for direct negotiations means that the Berlin cabinet has given up any hope that Great Britain will interfere in its behalf; and M. Poincaré's accepting the request shows that he believes he has maneuvered the Germans into a position where they will "sign on the dotted line." The commission of the Allies that is to examine into the fiscal situation in Germany and into the means that Germans have taken to remove capital from that country in order to escape taxation for reparations will have the assistance of two or three Americans.

THE "insurgents," as the group of somewhat irregular Republican Congressmen from the Northwest are called in Washington, have so far used their votes rather successfully to get what they want at the hands of the regulars. In return for letting Mr. Gillett have another term as Speaker they extracted a promise from Mr. Longworth, the floor leader, that the House rules should be opened for amendment. Then they gained a point in getting a place for their leader, Mr. Nelson, on the Rules Committee, against the protest of some of the regulars; and finally they have succeeded in keeping Senator Cummins out of the chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Committee, though when the Christmas recess began they had not got any one else in. In the end they may help the Democrats to make Senator Smith of South Carolina chairman.

THE President, following the recommendation of the committee that he appointed to investigate the matter, has released the last of the so-called political prisoners from the Leavenworth prison. There were thirty-one of them, all convicted of violating the espionage act or of conspiring to obstruct the government in carrying on the war. Many of them are members of the International Workers of the World, and nine of them were convicted at Chicago at the same time that William D. Haywood was convicted of the same offense.

A PASTORAL letter that the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church sent from their meeting at Dallas, Texas, to the clergy has aroused a great deal of discussion. The letter directed the attention of the ministers to their obligation to conform to the doctrine and discipline of the church and especially rebuked the tendency of some clergymen to deny or to "explain away" the statement of belief known as the Apostles' Creed. It specifically affirmed the duty of ministers to believe and to preach the virgin birth of Christ and his physical resurrection. Now, many persons within the church have long regarded those doctrines not only as unessential to Christianity but as the result of a misunderstanding of the Scriptures, and the same persons also deny the right of the House of Bishops to say what the doctrinal beliefs within the church must be. The "liberals" are said to regard Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts as their leader. He was not at Dallas; in fact, less than half the entire number of bishops were present. Dr. Leighton Parks of New York replied to the letter in a sermon in which he openly expressed his doubt of the virgin birth and intimated that he was willing to stand as defendant in a trial for heresy. The episode is another indication of the way in which the difference between the "fundamentalist" theology and the "liberal" theology is cutting through all the Protestant churches.

WOMEN have obtained the suffrage in almost all advanced countries, but they have not yet won it in France. Four years ago or more the Chamber of Deputies voted to give the suffrage to all women who had reached the age of twenty-five, but the Senate failed to agree. Another attempt is making to pass the bill, but its passage has been delayed because some Deputies want to amend it by giving the fathers of families as many votes as they have minor children. What the fate of the amendment will be is uncertain, but it will probably be beaten. But the sentiment of the Chamber as shown by several votes is strongly in favor of the original measure. If it passes the Chamber, the Senate will have its chance to pass it or to bury it again. The friends of woman suffrage believe that this time the bill will go through.



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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Little Heavy Head

By Laird Shields Goldsborough

He was all in a curl to keep out the cold
When the Sandman came with a dream of gold
To little Heavy Head.
A dream of silver he brought besides,
With the pale moon-pearls of the dreamy tides
All strung on a silver thread.
And the Sandman poured them, a twinkling
hoard
That even the Sandman could scarce afford,
Right out on his tiny bed!

Then the little boy winked in the golden light.
There were diamonds too, and they gleamed too
bright
For little Heavy Head.
And he said, "Mr. Sandman, could you,
please—
They're vewy nice, but I don't like these—
Show me somefing else instead!"
So the Sandman shoved him a ship that ran
And a lovely mechanical monkey-man
That capered about the bed!

Oh, the Sandman showed him toys galore!
But, all at the end—"Have you somefing
more?"
Said little Heavy Head.
Then the Sandman counted all his dreams.
"Why, one of them's lost, it certainly seems!
A whistle that's painted red!"
"Oh, that's what I want!" the little boy cried.
"Look quick, Mr. Sandman, I fink I've spied
That whistle under the bed!"

So the Sandman looked, and he brought it out,
The nicest dream without any doubt
For little Heavy Head.
And he whistled and whistled the whole night
through,
And played he was pirates and Little Boy Blue,
Though Boy Blue had a horn, nurse said.
And when nurse rang the nice breakfast
chime
He said, "I uz havin' the loveliest time!"
And he wouldn't get up from bed!

BETTY AND GEORGE MAKE A SNOW MAN

By Pringle Barret

SOMETIMES Betty and George played
together happily for hours, and some-
times they could not be happy together
at all. The trouble always came when they
could not agree what to do. George thought
that Betty should do what he wanted to do
because he was a man and men always had
their way; and Betty thought that because
she was a lady George ought to give in to
her. Of course, the real trouble was that
both of them were acting selfishly.

Today there had been a big snowstorm,
and Betty thought that it would be fun to
go out with their sled and coast. George said
that he was tired of pulling sleds up the hill,
and that he had much rather have a snow-
ball fight. They were both unhappy.
"Well, we just won't go out at all then,"
said George.

"All right," agreed Betty. "I had rather
stay in the house and play paper dolls by the
fire anyway."

But deep down in her heart Betty knew
that she wanted to go outside and play in
that beautiful snow more than she wanted
to do anything else. She knew that George
wanted to play in the snow too. But she got
her paper dolls and sat down before the fire,
and George got his favorite book and curled up
in the Morris chair and tried
to enjoy reading. Oh, but
they were a stubborn pair!

By and by Betty felt
that she did not wish to
play with her paper dolls
so much after all; she was
tired of them. She did not
care whether she ever saw
a paper doll again. And
George found out that

reading in the house when you
have a yardful of lovely snow is not
so much fun as he thought it was.
But if they went out-
doors, he wanted to
snowball. That was all
there was to it. So he
went on with his read-
ing.

All the time Betty
was playing paper dolls
and trying to pretend
that she enjoyed it.
But she was saying to
herself, "I am a stub-
born and selfish little
girl. It is foolish to
waste that lovely snow
just because I can't have my way."

And all the time George was read-
ing he was thinking to himself, "If
I can't play snowball, I won't play
anything."

Then suddenly Betty thought of a
secret that she knew. It was that you
must do for some one else what you
would like to have some one do for you,
and that you must do it smiling. She looked
up at George and smiled and said, "George,
I will play snowball with you if you want
me to."

As quick as a flash something happened
inside George's mind. He didn't want to play

snowball at all! He wanted to take Betty
coasting. "I had just as soon go coasting,
Betty," he said. "I don't mind pulling the
sled up the hill one bit."

So George and Betty put on their wraps
and went out in the snow.

"Let's go coasting," said George. "I'd
heaps rather."

"I tell you what," said Betty. "Let's make
a snow man all by ourselves. We can make a
fine one together."

"Yes, let's," agreed George. "We can use
hickory nuts for buttons and pecans for
teeth, and we'll get that old hat of father's
for the top of his head."

They set to work eagerly, and very soon
the snow man began to grow, and he grew



I think the snow man knows what the secret was

and grew until after a while he was taller
than Betty and taller than George. He was
a very large snow man indeed. George ran
into the house for the hickory nuts, and
when he put them on for buttons he got
them on crooked, but Betty said that it
didn't matter. Just when he had almost

TUCKS

By Mattie
Lee Hausgen

In new frocks mother dear will sew
The deepest tucks, because I grow.
I'd like to sew the days like that,
Stitch tucks in school days, deep and flat,
To make them short as they could be.
The plan is fine, you will agree.
In summer I should rip them out.
'Twould make vacation long, no doubt!

finished, Betty knocked one of the man's
arms off, but George helped her to make
another one and to put it on. Such happy
little children as they were!

Between you and me, I think the snow
man knows what the secret was that Betty
thought about. He is certainly trying hard
to wink at her; so there must be some sort of
joke between them.

WHAT JUNE DID ON A RAINY MONDAY

By Frances Margaret Fox

ONCE upon a time June
went with her mother and
Aunt Vera to see Aunt
Trudie. Now, it hap-
pens that June's home is
in a big city, and that
Aunt Trudie's home is in
a wilderness village with
the old forest walking
slowly away from it.
The woods have had to
go back and back and
back to make room for
summer cottages.

It is a little village in
winter, but in summer
time the streets are gay
with visitors. They camp
in the summer cottages,
and naturally they must
have clean clothes. That
is why a man and his
wife who live the year
round in a queer little
house started a laundry.

Of course the laundry isn't a bit like a city
laundry; it is just a place where Mr. and
Mrs. What-Are-Their-Names do big wash-
ings and dry their clothes in the sunshine.
On one side of their kitchen door, which faces
the street, are the letters "LAUN" and on
the other side are the letters, "DRY"; to-
gether they make the
word laundry.

When June went out in
the rain one Monday
afternoon she saw the
queer sign and laughed.
She saw too a great many
clothes hanging on a line
stretched between two
tall pine trees near the
little house.

The clothes were wet,
and the rain was drip-
ping, dripping from them.
June laughed at the wet
clothes because they
looked so limp and dis-
couraged. It is natural for
sheets and pillowcases
and towels to wish to be
dry and primly folded,
but some little boys' suits
on the line flapped rather
happily.

June would have liked
to stay out of doors all
that rainy afternoon, but
Aunt Vera was with her,
and Aunt Vera would go
home to sit in front of
Aunt Trudie's fireplace,
poke the fire and read.
Besides, June was not a
duck, and, if she had
stayed out much longer,
she would have been
soaked to the skin.

If the sun had been
shining, June might have
played outside, and the
laundryman's clothes

BUNNY THE BOOK AGENT

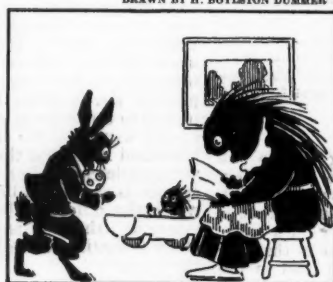
DRAWN BY H. BOYLESTON DUMMER



Mrs. Quiller will surely want a
copy of my book



Madam, the new volume on How
to Handle Young Children



I see that yours is already a child
of great penetration



Behold, Madam! Even the young-
est children cry for it



It is a touching honor, but really
I feel—



That the only way to handle some
children is with baseball bats

TONY

By
Louise Ayres
Garnett

Tony, Tony,
Baby's pony,
Ride away, sir,
Ride away!
Not too high,
Not too low,
Not too fast,
Not too slow.
Just go
Trot-trot,
Flit not,
Quit not,
Amble,
Ramble,
Merrily,
Warily,
That our Tony,
Baby's pony,
Bear her safely
Through the day!

CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

would have dried on the line. Instead of fretting and saying cross words because she had to stay in June took her tablet with the big sheets of paper and her box of crayons and sat on a rug in front of the fire. She was smiling and happy because she had decided to make the sun shine on at least one clothesline full of clothes.

This is the way she did it: She drew a tall tree on one end of a sheet of the paper and a tall tree on the other end of it. Then she drew a clothesline across the page from one tree to the other. Next she made green grass grow under the clothesline. At the top of the wide sheet she rubbed in some lines of blue crayon so that anyone who looked at the picture could easily see the blue sky.

After that June hung out the clothes from one end of the line to the other. As she worked she grew happier and happier every minute because she enjoyed hanging out bright green blouses and little girls' gay dresses. She hung the dresses and all such garments as rompers and nightgowns by the sleeves and shoulders so that they were very interesting. The pockets show very plainly when clothes are pinned at the top in that way.

It was great fun to hang out the towels too—the gayest towels that ever were. Every one of them had a different-colored border; some had two rows of red at each end, and some had three rows of pink. There were towels with blue borders too and towels with lavender and yellow borders.

June was laughing long before she had filled the clothesline, and when that was done she drew the big yellow sun shining down to dry the washing. She hung out washing enough for all the village that rainy afternoon, and she had such a gay time doing it and putting big yellow suns in blue skies that she forgot the rain until it had to beat hard against the windows to make her look up and laugh aloud.

Now, if you think that June didn't really have a merry time, you just try this clothesline play yourself next time it rains on a Monday in your town.

NANNIE'S BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

By Edna Payson Brett

NANNIE bounced down the piazza steps and ran gayly up the street. She had on her brand-new birthday gingham dress, and in one embroidered pocket she carried a shiny birthday quarter, which she was to spend exactly as she wished. She was now on her way to spend it. As she danced along with her bright birthday smile, everyone that she met smiled back at her.

Presently she came to a corner house and called over the hedge to a little girl who was swinging in a hammock, "Peggy, Peggy, I have a whole twenty-five-cent piece to spend for my birthday, and you're to come with me and have a surprise!"

Peggy jumped out of the hammock and joyfully ran along beside Nannie. They stopped at the next door for Clarabel and across the street for Patty. Mary Louise was at Patty's, and so they didn't have to go to her house. Then the five little girls went skipping together down the street.

When they reached the Toy and Lollipop Store by the school, the jolly, roly-poly shopkeeper smiled at them through the window; and four of the little girls slowed up. But Nannie only nodded "Good morning" and tripped right along.

"It can't be a trolley ride," said Patty, "because twenty-five cents would take us only one way!" And everybody giggled.

They came to the Twenty-five-cent Store next, but Nannie shook her head, and so they went on until they came to the Little Folk's Mother Goose Shop. Here Nannie herself slowed up, and the others started to walk in.

"I know," guessed Mary Louise, "it's that funny, two-different-sided clown doll in the window for our circus."

"Wrong again," said Nannie. "Come on; I was only stopping to get out my handkerchief."

Away they skipped hand in hand for another half block. Then Nannie stopped directly in front of Duffy's Drug Store. She marched them all inside, Indian file, across to the soda fountain counter.

"Please," she piped with a very important

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

By T. K. P. Haines

*With seven letters he spells his name;
Three letters he drops, he's just the same;
He drops two more, no change you view,
Nor when he drops another two!
He drops a dozen, he drops a score!
He drops a hundred and eighty more!
He drops a thousand and ninety-six!
The total's extremely hard to fix;
No matter the total that he may name,
Our jolly Postman is just the same.*

air, "I should like five pink strawberry ice cream cones!"

"Oh—oo!" squealed four delighted little girls, standing in a row.

The soda fountain clerk looked exceedingly pleasant, took out five cones from a big glass jar and began to fill them with beautiful pink ice cream.

Everyone was very happy indeed—until all at once Nannie gave a sharp cry. "Oh, it's gone! My birthday quarter's gone!"

Immediately a wild hunt for the missing coin began. Nannie turned both of her pockets inside out and shook them. She shook her handkerchief too. The soda fountain clerk helped to look all over the counter and on the floor. Mary Louise and Clarabel rushed out to search the sidewalk in front of the shop. But not a sign of the birthday quarter could they find.

"Oh, it's lost!" cried poor Nannie, blinking fast to keep the tears from running over. "And I can't buy any cones at all," she told the soda fountain clerk. Her cheeks were pinker even than the pink ice cream.

Five little girls filed sadly out of the store. Five pairs of sharp eyes hunted and hunted all over the pavements and even in the gutters as far back towards home as where Nannie last remembered feeling the quarter safe in her pocket, but not a glimmer of a silver coin did they see.

"Never mind, Nannie," Clarabel comforted her. "We've all had a beautiful time guessing about the surprise. Let's go and play in my yard and forget all about it."

"Never mind, Nannie," echoed Patty, Peggy and Mary Louise.

"But I do mind," wailed Nannie; "and, O dear, my foot aches dreadfully! I can hardly walk." She limped sadly across to Clarabel's yard and hopped down on the piazza steps.

"Take off your sandal, and let me rub your foot," said Mary Louise.

"It can't be my shoe," argued Nannie; "it's so loose, you see." But she unfastened the strap.

"Oh—oo!" squealed five astonished, joyous voices at once.

Such a happy surprise! Nannie was almost the most surprised of all, for out of her sandal had tumbled the run-a-way birthday quarter. It rolled along the edge of the step and dropped into Peggy's lap.

"No wonder my foot hurt!" laughed Nannie.

"No wonder!" laughed everybody. But how could it have happened?

"Oh, I know! It must have hopped out with my handkerchief in front of the Mother Goose Shop."

Suddenly the aching foot was quite well, and Nannie, Peggy, Patty, Clarabel and Mary Louise were once again skipping down the street to Duffy's Drug Store. There Nannie presented the shiny birthday quarter to the soda-fountain clerk, who smiled and smiled as he filled the cones. And five little girls filed gayly out, bearing each her share of the birthday surprise.

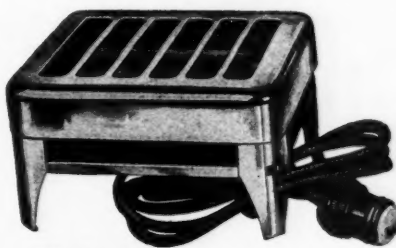
LUCK

By Patten Beard

*I really don't much like to do
The errands that they ask me to:
It's, "Jimmie, go and buy some bread,"
Or maybe something else instead
That wasn't ordered but forgot.
I have to run an awful lot.*

*But sometimes mother says, "See here,
I think you've earned this nickel, dear."
And—goodness! Then I guess I'm glad
I acted cheerful and not bad
When asked to do the running. Whee!
'Twas luck those errands came to me!*

ALLMUR ELECTRIC STOVE



THE housewife will find many uses for this stove: Bacon, eggs, griddle cakes, steaks and chops can be cooked as readily as fudge, taffy or candy. Tea or coffee may be made, and bread may be quickly toasted just the right degree of

crispness. For the single man or woman, it is just the thing for cooking one's own breakfast.

No matter where this stove is used, it has its advantages. There is no soot, dirt, flame, fire, danger or odor. With the switching on of the electric current, the stove is ready for its many uses.

The stove is made of cold rolled steel, nickel plated and polished, and except in the assembly of the heating element, is put together without the use of bolts or screws. Our offer includes a plug with cord attached, ready for instant use. The top is 6 x 5½ inches.

We supply the stove for 110-volt current only.

NOTE: The stove will not operate on current supplied by farm lighting plants.



OUR OFFER Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 25 cents extra and we will send you postpaid the Electric Stove. The price of the Stove if purchased is \$1.65.

HOME COMFORT BREAD and CAKE CABINET

CONSERVATION of food is a big household item in these days of high prices, and anything which leads to prevent waste and preserve food stuffs is a great economy. For this reason alone—and there are many others—you will find the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet a decided saving in household expense.

It will preserve the freshness of your batch of bread to the last crumb; it will keep cakes, pies, cookies, and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days—because it is constructed with a ventilating system that keeps the fresh air circulating through it at all times.

The Home Comfort Cabinet is absolutely dirt-proof, and is readily taken apart for cleaning and sterilizing—it is the most perfect sanitary food cabinet on the market.

The Cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode. The two shelves can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes.

OUR OFFER

Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion with 65 cents extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet. The price of the Cabinet if purchased is \$2.50.

THE cabinet is collapsible and will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for a 11-lb. package. Shipped either from St. Paul, Minn., or Boston, Mass.

NOTE: The articles offered above are given only to present Companion subscribers to pay for introducing the paper into homes where it has not been taken the past year.



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

THE BUSINESS OF FAITH

ROB STUART was no coward. The moment he realized that he had been avoiding his old pastor since his return from college he went straight to the parsonage.

The study greeted him with its old welcome. Rob had been there many an evening with a crowd of the boys before he went to college.

"It feels just as it used to," he declared. "We had some great times here."

Dr. Carlow nodded. "I'm getting to be an old man, Rob. I like to sit here before the fire and watch my boys marching out to conquer the world."

"We don't go very far," Rob retorted, "before we revise our dreams a bit."

"Make them bigger or smaller?" Dr. Carlow inquired.

"Oh, smaller. Boys are conceited young animals, doctor! It takes college to make you see your size in relation to the universe! I don't believe as I did. You can't after you've taken a look down to the beginning of things."

"How much is left?" Dr. Carlow asked quietly.

"Well, sir,"—it was harder than Rob had realized that it was going to be,—"I'm not so sure of God. I'm not saying that He doesn't exist. I simply haven't settled the question in my mind. And I don't believe that Jesus Christ was anything but a man. Of course He was the greatest man that ever lived—in his way." He was angry at himself for stumbling in his words before the quiet eyes of the old man.

But to his astonishment Dr. Carlow seemed to let the matter drop. "I hear you're going into business, Rob," he said.

"Yes, sir. Motors."

"Do you remember the parable of the talents?"

Rob nodded. What was the old doctor driving at?

"Do you think the master was hard on the servant with one talent?"

"Why, no, sir. The fellow had his chance like the rest. He was a quitter."

"I thought you'd say that. Now I have another question to ask. Are you capitalizing the faith you have? By your own acknowledgment you'll be a quitter if you let it lie idle. The same law holds in religion as in business; the only way to acquire more faith is to invest what you have."

"Why—" the young fellow stammered. Then he laughed, the frank boyish laugh that his pastor dearly loved. "You've got me, sir. I see I'll have to go home and thrash the matter out."

MAKING JANE UNDERSTAND

THE moment Jane appeared in the doorway Nora knew with a sinking heart that the thing she had been dreading for months had come. Jane's face was white.

"I've just heard why I lost the election," she said. "The girls think I'm not a good sport on the team. Nora, did you ever hear anything so unfair? There isn't a girl on the team who has made so many sacrifice plays as I have. And then to say I'm not a good sport!"

Nora could not bear to hurt Jane any more. "Why don't you ask the ones who said it?" she pleaded.

"Because I prefer to ask you. I can trust you. I am almost ready to believe that you are the only one I can trust." Jane's tone was bitter.

"O Jane, you splendid big Jane!" cried Nora.

"Don't you see that that's exactly it—the way you feel about the girls? You do make sacrifice plays, but you are so quick to blame everybody for blunders. It makes lots of girls nervous with you; they fumble just because they are so desperately afraid of what you will say to them if they do! Don't you see, dear?"

"No," Jane said, turning away coldly, "I don't."

Half an hour later as Jane was turning into her own yard an excited small boy met her. "Jane, Jane, we're going to play the Giants! Come and root for us, won't you?"

Jane's face relaxed; she had a soft spot in her heart for this small brother. "All right, Phil, I'll be there," she promised.

"Hurrah!" Phil responded joyously. "We're going to run 'em off the face of the earth. Hi, Blister!" he shouted to another small boy, who had just appeared, and the two tore off together.

And then after all they were beaten, seven to one. Jane, watching Phil fight, set her teeth over the blunders. As soon as the game was ended she went over to the losers. Phil was talking to his sorrowful team.

"Aw, what's one game! Never mind, Rod. You couldn't help it, mufing that fly. We'll beat 'em next time, you'll see!"

Jane saw the look of courage come back into Rod's dejected face—courage and loyalty and big resolve. Girls never looked at her as he was looking at her small brother. Was it possible that Phil understood life better than she?

THINKING ALOUD

THOMAS LANDSEER, brother of Sir Edwin, the famous animal painter, was one of those amusing but disconcerting persons who not only are absent-minded but have the habit of unconsciously uttering aloud

THE LITTLE GATE OF GIRLHOOD

By Mary Carolyn Davies



I
The little gate of girlhood
That leads to realms so wide,
The little gate of girlhood
Beneath the roses swings.
The scent of honeysuckle
And garden sweets blow through it;
And deep amid the lilacs
A hidden wee bird sings.

II
And there go trooping through it
Together, hands entwined,
Girls, girls of tears and laughter,
Girls rich in heart and mind.
Some drink the roses' beauty,
Some hardly wait to see.
The little gate of girlhood
Swings slow and noiselessly.

IV
The little gate of girlhood
That leads to realms so wide,
The little gate of girlhood
Beneath the roses swings.
And here where you are standing
A million girls have lingered
And thought, "How red the roses!
How sweet the wee bird sings!"

III
The little gate of girlhood
That leads to realms so vast,
Once closed, can't be reopened.
Don't hurry through so fast!
For often you'll recall it;
So store up safe today
Calm memories of this garden
Where you will not always stay.

V
Oh, little gate of girlhood,
Be kind to all who pass
And leave a happy memory
To every eager lass!
The gate of grief awaits her;
Life's gates she'll yet go through.
Be kind, small gate, while yet her hand
Rests tenderly on you!

thoughts and comments that they have no intention of making public. Called upon once to view a landscape by a friend, an amateur of no more than mediocre ability, he politely said what he honestly could in praise of a minor detail here and there. Then, much pleased with himself that he had so tactfully escaped the ordeal, he murmured a few inarticulate hum's and ha's, took a final look and as he turned away said under his breath but quite audibly, "Poor chap! Poor chap! And he thinks he can paint!"

Even more embarrassing were his remarks upon another painting, this time by a distinguished portrait painter, whose subject was also a man of distinction as well as of high rank, but one whose physiognomy was decidedly more striking than beautiful. The gentleman, who was heavily bearded, had a rather flat nose and heavy overhanging brows beneath which gleamed a pair of small but dark and piercing eyes. Thomas Landseer viewed the portrait with interest and expressed cordial admiration of its execution. Then, to the dismay of artist and subject, both of whom were present, he strolled casually away and, pausing in front of another portrait, one of a charming woman, communed with himself, but audibly:

"Ah, that's better! That's better! The other was a good piece of work, but not quite in X's line. They ought to have called in Edwin to paint an old chimpanzee like Lord Blank!"

Fortunately Lord Blank was a "chimpanzee" with a sense of humor. He burst out laughing and insisted that Thomas, whose apologies when he found he had spoken aloud were sincere and horrified, should by way of atonement take him to visit his brother's studio. The visit led in turn to both brothers' visiting later the peer's castle. There Sir Edwin executed a splendid portrait, not of the owner, it is true, but of his three dogs.

FISH THAT RING THEIR DINNER BELL

IN the Complete Angler Isaac Walton quotes Bacon's account of carp that came to be fed when the man who took care of their pond rang a bell. And Hawkins in his edition of the book quotes a writer named Swammerdam as saying, "A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me that at the Abbey of St. Bernard near Antwerp he saw trout come at the whistling of their feeder." But what would Bacon and Swammerdam have thought of goldfish that ring their own dinner bell?

In a breeding pond at Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, the goldfish ring a bell when their dinner hour comes. Mr. Otto Gneiding, a breeder of fancy goldfish, is the trainer of these clever pets. The dinner gong is a little silver bell suspended on the bank of the breeding pond. It has a long string to it and is so arranged that when the string is thrown into the pond and the end is pulled the bell tinkles.

Mr. Gneiding began training his goldfish by letting them go hungry for an entire day. The next day he tied a large ball of dough to the end of the string and dropped the ball into the pond. The goldfish began to eat the dough, and the bell rang at a great rate. For several days the fish fed thus. The trainer threw the bare string into the pond. The goldfish immediately tugged at it, and the bell tinkled. At once the trainer tossed in a quantity of water fleas, of which goldfish are fond. The next day and for several days the fish tugged at the naked string; the bell tinkled, and the trainer fed the fish with plenty of fleas.

Soon whenever a goldfish was hungry it would come to the string and ring the dinner

bell. But the trainer would not answer the summons until about noon; and before long all the goldfish would gather each day at that time and tug at the string. Then they would receive plenty of fleas.

Mr. Gneiding declares that now his pets never ring the bell until twelve o'clock; they have learned that it is useless to give the signal at any other time. He says also that usually the bell begins to ring almost exactly when the noon whistles in the factories of the town begin to sound.

CAPTURING WILD ELEPHANTS

CAPTURING wild elephants requires steady nerves, continual alertness and a great deal of experience. Moreover, it is easy to imagine from the following account by Mr. Charles Mayer in Asia, the disaster that may follow if the tame elephants on which the hunters ride are not handled skillfully. Mr. Mayer's task was to obtain a herd for the Sultan of Trenggau.

When our fifty men had surrounded the wild creatures, he writes, I gave the signal, and we started forward. Our eight tame elephants were spread out nearly ten feet apart pretty much in a straight line, and we presented a front of some eighty feet. In that formation we came upon the herd; I counted twelve full-grown elephants and five young ones, a suckling among them.

As we advanced an old bull faced us. The rest of the herd stood perfectly still, waiting for him to make the first move; there was no sound either from him or from them. Slowly we pushed in among them. The drivers had had their instructions to work first toward the females and the young, for in nine cases out of ten it is the young that start a stampede.

I motioned the driver next me to close up on the old bull, which now stood with head up and ears cocked, grumbling hoarsely. He was enraged. His head began to move from side to side. He rapped his trunk sharply on the ground and trumpeted shrilly. We worked our way through the rest of the herd. I spoke distinctly, giving orders in a low tone to the driver of the elephant that was to work with the one I was on. Gradually we managed to get on either side of the bull. I gave a low call to the drivers who were nearest us: "Jaga; dia mau ber-prang! (Take care; he wants to fight!)"

As we closed in on the old bull he turned suddenly and tried to jab his tusks into the elephant on my left, but quick as a flash the tame elephant met him with a smashing blow from his trunk. Instantly the elephant I was riding jabbed him in the fore quarter. I called to the other driver to bring his elephant's head round and to have him butt and prod.

The old bull, enraged and fearful, was now venting his hoarse growl and shrill trumpet cry at the same time. The two tame beasts butted and jabbed without stopping. Realizing that he was now too much excited to notice what took place on the ground, I said to the men behind me, "Quick, get down; tie his two feet; tie tight to the trees."

The two tame elephants with their heads pressed against his neck held him one on either side while the men got down and slipped a noose on each hind leg and fastened each rope to a separate tree—dangerous work, but a matter of a few minutes only. First one and then the other called, "Habis, tuan! (Finished, master!)"

The tame elephants gave the bull a last squeeze and then drew away. As they did so he lunged forward and went to his knees, bellowing with rage and terror and straining at the ropes.

I could give a thought then to the rest of the herd. The bull was the only one that had shown fight. The others had huddled together in com-

plete bewilderment, and it had been easy to capture them. The drivers and tie-up men had done their work well and quickly. Our bag consisted of three males and nine females fully grown, one baby, one five-year-old and two somewhat younger. The females were seven and a half feet in height on the average. The big bull was the prize; his tusks were about four feet long.

MR. PEASLEE ON THE LACK OF FACULTY

"I DECLARE for it," remarked Caleb Peaslee wearily, "I've had about as useless and do-nothing day as I ever want to go through with. Nothing to speak of done, and I guess I'll have to do that little all over again tomorrow. Sim Jessup at his wust wa'n't a gre't sight fooler-headed'n what I've showed myself to be today!"

He dropped into a chair and looked up at the new school teacher deprecatingly, and her sympathy rose at once. "Just what has been troubling you?" she asked.

"Wal," replied Caleb, "there's been mebbe a dozen things that I've done wrong or half done, but I ain't goin' into p'tic'lers about all of 'em. The wust thing and the one I'm most provoked about is what I've just gone and done down at the store. I went down there and got five panes of glass 'bout measurin' the place where they was goin' to be used—and I've got 'em all too small. So that means I've got to hoof it back in the mornin' and get 'em made right. Makes me out of patience with m'self!"

"You said something about a man named Jessup," ventured the teacher, wishing to divert Mr. Peaslee.

Caleb smiled a little. "I've got to keep watch of myself," he admitted, "if I find myself fallin' into Sim Jessup's ways; he was a kind of byword for havin' no faculty at all round here."

"I wish—" began the teacher, but Caleb interrupted her promptly.

"I was goin' to," he said. "I'll tell you all about him. No," he corrected himself, "I won't do that, for it'd take me f'ever almost to tell you all his foolishness; but I'll tell you enough to give you an idea why I don't want to fall into his ways."

"I remember one time," Caleb began, "when Sim made up his mind he'd dig a well and changed works with me to get me to help him one day. I got over there in the mornin', and when we'd got out in the backyard I saw a pile of lumber stacked up there. Sim had the picks and shovels in his hands, and I looked around, and then I asked him where he was callatin' to dig."

"Right there where the lumber's piled," says he. "I put it there to mark the place kind of," he says.

"Wal," says I, "I should think mebbe drivin' down a stake'd done jest as well, and then you wouldn't have had to pile over all that lumber to get at the place to dig. But," says I, "you go ahead and pile it over or make a beginnin', and I'll get a jug of water for us to have here by us to drink, and when I get back I'll help you handle it."

"So I went and got the jug, and when I got back I took holt, and we piled all the lumber over where he'd started to make a new pile, and then I looked round for the picks and shovels. 'Where be they?' I asked, but when I saw Sim red up like fire I knew where they was."

"You've gone and stacked all that lumber on top of 'em!" I says. And, sure 'nough, that was jest what he'd done. So we had to handle it all over a second time. It took us the best part of the forenoon to do all that 'fore we could do a stroke towards diggin' the well!"

"'Nother time he was workin' for me, and come night he found he'd left his coat down at the far end of the field, hangin' in a shed there. It was more'n a quarter of a mile down there, and a good deal less'n that to his house, but he started back after his coat."

"When he got back I asked him what he went after it for. 'It would have been all right there overnight,' says I. 'Nobody would trouble it.'"

"'I know it,' says he, 'but I wanted it to wear home; it's cold walkin'.'"

"Then one winter Sim's wife had a spell of sickness, and the doctor wanted her to take more int'rest in her food; it seemed she didn't relish anything. So he asked her if there was anything she seemed to hanker for, and she owned up that she b'lieved she'd like a little rabbit stew; she'd got tired of tryin' to eat chickens she'd raised herself. She said it was like eatin' some of the fam'ly. So the doctor told Sim he'd got to manage to get her a rabbit some way or other, and Sim allowed he could track down a rabbit on the light snow there was then; he said any fool'd know how to track down a rabbit and get it, or a dozen if she wanted that many!"

"So he started out one mornin' with a gun, and it happened that day I went over to the brook a couple of miles away to look after some mink traps I had sot over there, and comin' back I heard something off to my left in a rabbit swamp, and it turned out to be Sim; but he didn't have any rabbit nor any signs of one, and he looked 'bout used up with trampin' in the snow all day."

"I took one track and follered it, same's you told me to," he says, "and I cal'lated I'd tucker him out 'fore this time. But," he says, 'I

figger I've follered his track up'ards of twelve miles, and I ain't so much as ketched sight of him yit!"

"I went along to where he was settin' on a stump and looked at the track he'd been follerin' and then at his own tracks he'd made, and I couldn't to save me help laughin' at him! 'Wal,' says I, 'you'd foller him twelve miles more and yit not be any nearer him nor so near,' says I, 'for the reason you're headed one way, and the rabbit's headed the other; you've been back-trackin' that rabbit all day, and he may be twenty miles away by this time!' I says, 'No, sir!' concluded Mr. Peaslee firmly. 'If I find myself follerin' Sim Jessup's pattern, I'm goin' to fetch myself up short, you mark my words!"

THE FIRST SUBMARINE

THE earliest ancestor of the submarine was a glass box covered with asses' skin, made to order for Alexander the Great in the fourth century B. C. That bold general, says Capt. J. G. Sutherland in *At Sea* with Joseph Conrad, must have been absolutely fearless, for in those days it required no small courage to allow yourself to be shut up in a box and lowered below the water.

Apparently it tried even Alexander's nerves, for he saw many monsters and some things so horrible that he would not speak of them till the day of his death. It must be remembered that he would be able to see little; so probably imagination played a large part in making him think he had seen the things that he said he saw.

There are many accounts of the adventure in existence, and all are more or less wonderful; the facts appear to be that the great general got inside the box, was sealed up with tar and lowered to the bottom by a chain. By an accident, which in those days may or may not have been intentional, the chain was let go from the boat, and the king was left sitting in his box on the bottom, looking at and being looked at by "horrible things." However, to the relief of his friends and presumably to the chagrin of those who has "axes to grind" the box broke, and up his majesty shot to the surface and was rescued, a wetted and a wiser man.

That episode stands out alone in ancient history; it is not on record that any other person went under water in a completely enclosed vessel until comparatively modern times.

THE FLAPPERS OF THE HAN DYNASTY

THOSE who are quite out of patience with the rising generation may be consoled to know that they are only passing through an experience that the "grown-ups" of every age have had to encounter. The literature of every nation contains the laments of the middle-aged over the degeneracy of the young. Here, for example, is an extract from a poem composed by a Chinese poetess, the Lady Tsao, back in the very first century of the Christian era, when the Han emperors were on the throne:

The present generation's children
Are very bad;
They have learned nothing.

Girls too are unwilling to learn;
They are stubborn and talkative;
They know little of woman's duties;
Thus they injure themselves and their superiors.
When grown they find themselves disgraced,
Then they are displeased with their parents
And think not to blame themselves;
Their evil words hurt their parents' ears.
Such girls are worse than wild cats!

Since every generation has apparently fallen away shockingly from the virtues of its predecessor, we are led to wonder how it is that society has managed to escape complete dissolution for so many centuries.

NO GLASSES COULD HELP HIS CASE

A SHEFFIELD man, says the *Tatler*, thinking his sight was failing, went into an optician's shop for advice.

"Can you read that?" asked the optician, pointing to a card on the wall.

"No," replied the man.

The optician accordingly gave him stronger glasses. "Well," he inquired, "can you read it now?"

The man shook his head. "No, not a word," he replied. After repeating the performance several times the optician was about to give him up in despair, when the man explained:

"You see, sir, I never learned to read."

AN EXQUISITE REASON

MR. BOGGS, the butcher, was a jovial soul. As he was cutting up an order of lamb chops for a lady customer the lady asked curiously: "Mr. Boggs, what led you to choose your present occupation?"

"Well, I don't really know, ma'am," said Boggs thoughtfully. "Maybe it was because I have always been fond of animals."

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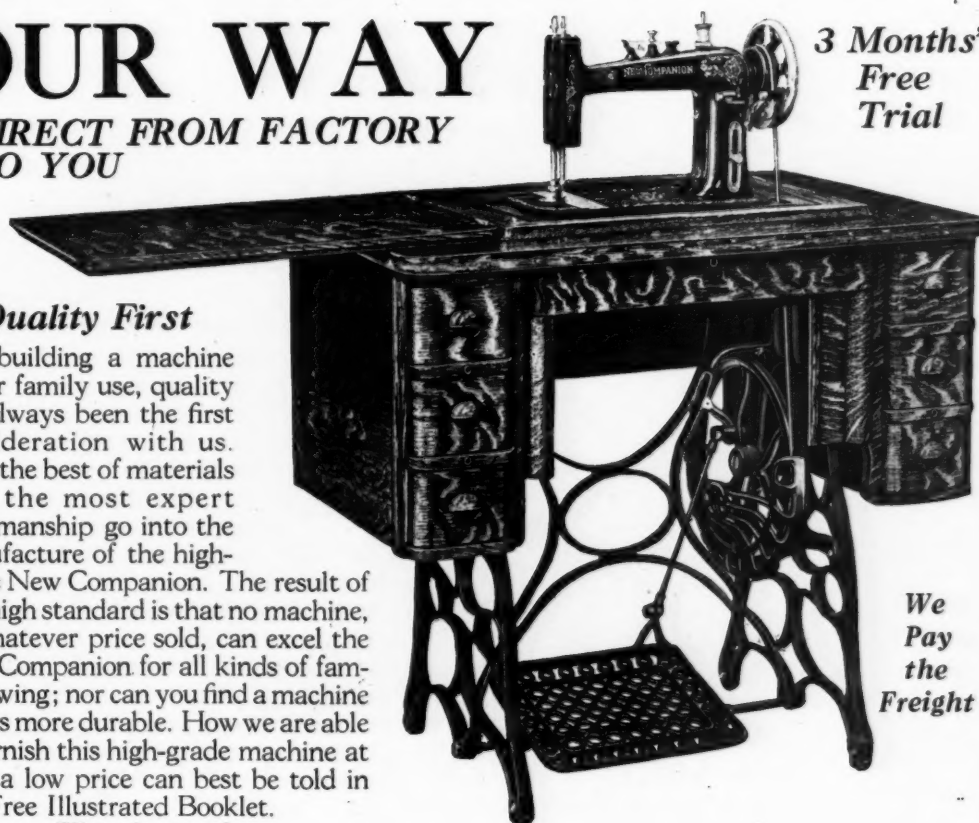
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